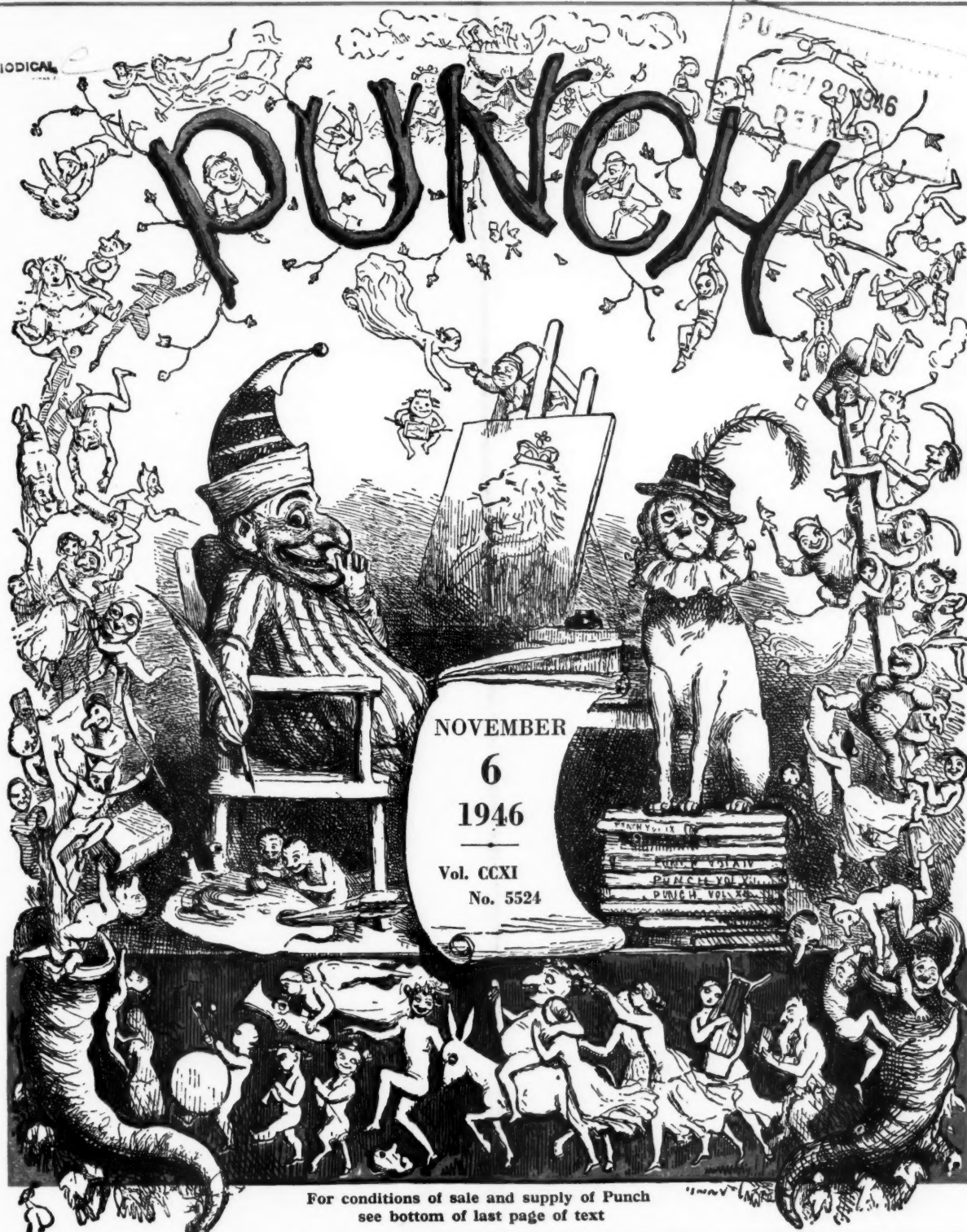


CADBURY *means Quality*

PERIODICAL



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



WITH the Hoover being allocated to Hoover dealers all over the country as fast as it can be made, don't be rushed into buying a second best! Have a little patience and buy the World's Best Cleaner. No millionaire can buy a better. You'll be glad you waited, since today's Hoover cleaner is higher in quality than pre-war, but not in price! Purchase Tax, of course, is extra.

HOOVER LTD



PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX



SICK WORKERS GO PENNILESS

Cold charity was the lot of the sick worker in mid-Victorian England. Many faced destitution when small savings were gone. Sickness and misery prevailed in workrooms which were often crowded and insanitary.

To-day, the worker has sick benefits, bright workrooms, canteens and music, and factory hygiene has come to stay. Many hundreds of factories have installed the Izal System of Industrial Hygiene. It aims at safeguarding the worker's health

at all points where colds, 'flu and other infections are likely to develop. Wherever it is employed the sickness rate usually shows a decline.

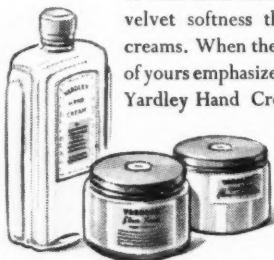
The Izal System is simple to install and maintain in factories large or small, and seldom requires extra labour. If you have any industrial hygiene problems write to Newton, Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield, who will gladly arrange for an expert to survey the factory and make recommendations free of charge.

THE IZAL SYSTEM OF INDUSTRIAL HYGIENE



The lights shine bright...

and you, lovely one, have no need to wish them kinder! For your skin has the fine-textured velvet softness that comes of trusting Yardley beauty-creams. When the music stops, let those expressive hands of yours emphasize the sparkle of your wit. Why not, when Yardley Hand Cream keeps them so beautifully white?



Yardley
33 OLD BOND STREET

Liquefying Cream 6/6 • Skin Food 6/6 • Hand Cream 5/3 • Including Tax



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

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*Good times
we had
and shall
have again
with*

Schweppes

OLD BLEACH

household and embroidery

LINENS

★ and ★

**FURNISHING
FABRICS**



THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD., RANDALSTOWN, NTHN. IRELAND



The joy of using Creda electric appliances has been withheld from many households owing to our war-time activities but large-scale production will be resumed just as soon as labour is available. You can expect new designs giving still better service in your home.

Creda for
**ELECTRIC
WATER HEATERS**
KETTLES • FIRES • COOKERS
BOILERS AND HEATERS

made by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDHURST, BIRMINGHAM

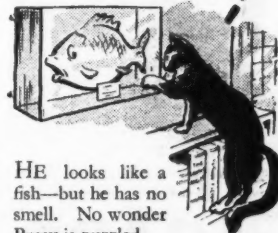
*Fine,
thanks!*

I eat crisp, crunchy

RYVITA
as my DAILY BREAD



No Smell!



HE looks like a fish—but he has no smell. No wonder Pussy is puzzled.

"MODERNA" Blankets are **Guaranteed ODOURLESS.** They will delight you! A special factory process ensures that they have no objectionable "new blanket smell".

Also guaranteed all pure lamb's wool, fadeless, moth-proof, and never-shrinking. In 10 lovely modern Pastel Shades. Will come to you through all the best Stores, when we may supply them. Not available yet.

MODERNA
BLANKETS
for Softest Sleep

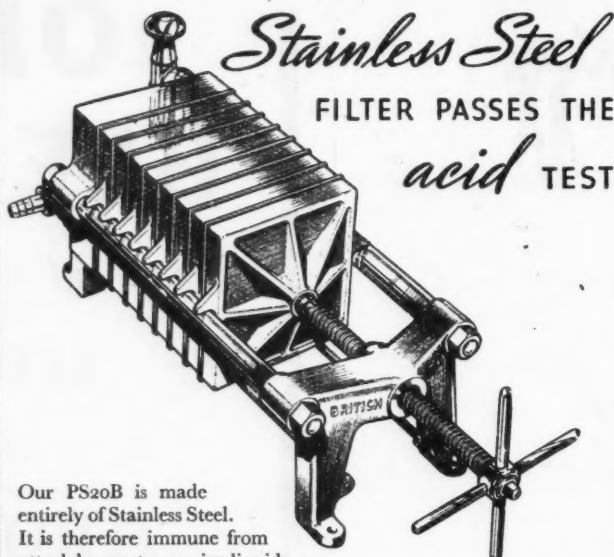
Thomas Ratcliffe & Co. Ltd.
Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

VENT-AXIA

for
better
air
conditions

VENT-AXIA LTD.
9 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

And at:
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER,
BIRMINGHAM & LEEDS



Stainless Steel

FILTER PASSES THE
acid TEST

Our PS20B is made entirely of Stainless Steel. It is therefore immune from attack by most corrosive liquids and cannot contaminate food stuff, biological chemicals, photographic solutions, etc. This filter—which can be supplied for varying output

with up to 24 plates—is immensely strong, easily cleaned and operated. You can see it at 32 Berkeley Street or we could post you a specification.

BRITISH FILTERS LTD

OLD COURT, COX GREEN, MAIDENHEAD, MH'D. 2560 & ADVISORY SHOWROOMS:
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NORTH BRITISH TYRES



*fitted for
every need*

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD

EDINBURGH & LONDON



19 46



NOV. 9
Please Give
Generously
and help to

Eclipse
last year's
total

JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD, SHEFFIELD, 11

CRYSTAL CYLINDER LINERS

Made of steel with a hard chrome surface, the longest possible life is given to the cylinder bores. The chrome surface has a special oil-retaining finish which ensures maximum resistance to corrosion and abrasion.

CROMARD

Manufactured for Home & Export Markets
Solely by

**THE LAYSTALL
ENGINEERING CO. LTD**
53, Gt. Suffolk Street,
LONDON, S.E.1.

Agents: LIVERPOOL & WEDNESFIELD.

Halex

TOOTHBRUSHES

stay springy
longer!

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Here is a tobacco mixture for the constant and not the intermittent smoker. It burns very evenly in the pipe with the spontaneity of a good cigar. Hourly devotion does not impair its fragrance or make the palate impervious to its charm. It is a perfect blend, prepared with leisurely care and respect by craftsmen who have practical knowledge and expert skill.

A customer writes from Abingdon: "I have but few comforts left but I shall have to be hard pressed to part with my 7 Reserve, so keep on, Mr. Rattray."

Obtainable only from
Chas Rattray
TOBACCO BLENDER
Perth, Scotland
Price 21/4 per lb., Post Paid.
Send 12/10 for sample 1-lb tin. Post Free.

“EVERBRITE” RECHARGEABLE BATTERY

Recharged at home from your mains. No battery required. Several hours' continuous light. Thousands in use. Fully guaranteed. The "King of Pocket Lamps." Direct or from Dealers. Send for interesting Leaflet A 50.

RUNBAGEN ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS MANCHESTER 1

THE POWER TO

STOP

is the one factor above all others that contributes to Road Safety.



Deterioration in braking efficiency is gradual and insidious. Therefore it is a wise precaution to have your brakes tested at regular intervals by means of the FERODO Brake Testing Meter. Garages throughout the country displaying the now familiar "Lion & Wheel" Sign are equipped to render this service. It only takes a few minutes.

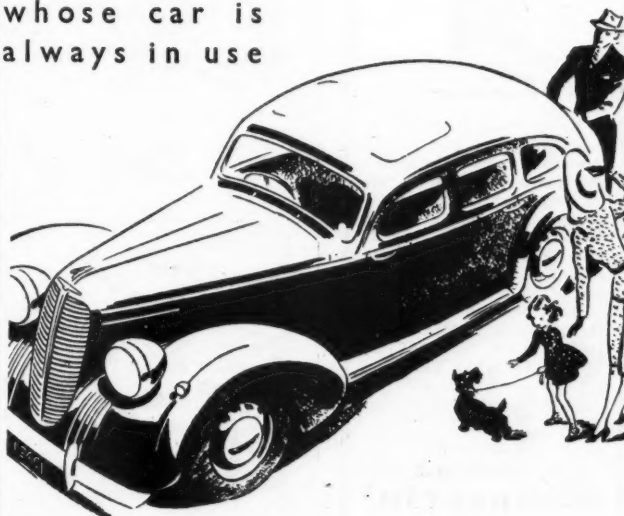
Inaugurated by the manufacturers of

FERODO

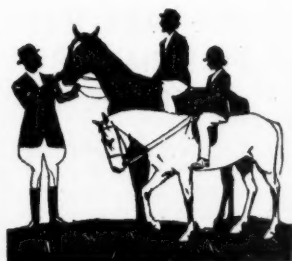
Brake Linings

HILLMAN MINX

for the family whose car is always in use



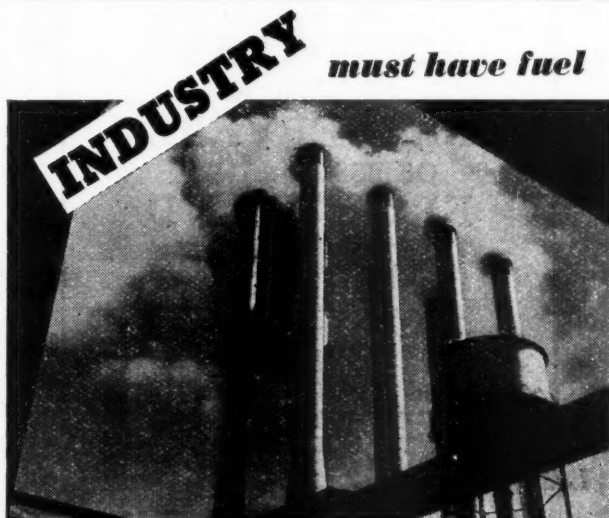
A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



THE BREECHES MAKERS
can still accept orders for made-to-measure Breeches & Jodhpurs for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children
READY-TO-WEAR JODHPURS FOR LADIES & CHILDREN ALWAYS AVAILABLE AND MAY BE ORDERED THROUGH THE POST

Please send the following measurements: height; waist; inside leg down to ground; thickest part of calf (next to the skin). If for a child, state age.

HARRY HALL LTD
Sporting, Civil, & Service Tailors
235-237 REGENT STREET, W1
Telephone: REGent 2115, 5159
Telegrams: Hallsons, Wools, London



All the more reason why none must be wasted. Yet it is wasted — in factories which have left thermal insulation out of account. For example: 600 tons of additional fuel must be burned every year to make good the heat lost through 100,000 sq. ft. of corrugated asbestos roofing. That 600 tons can be saved — by lining the roof with Celotex cane-fibre insulation applied by means of Celotex Metal Fixing Systems. Celotex prevents the escape of heat and reduces the fuel consumption necessary to obtain adequate warmth. The saving in central heating plant alone will go a long way towards paying for the Celotex installation.

Invest in **CELOTEX** Insulation

CELOTEX LIMITED, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, STONEBRIDGE PARK, LONDON, N.W.10
T.S.



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it — Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Windsor St. W. 1

Note these Facts

25

WORKING DAYS LOST BY
EACH MAN PER YEAR

21

WORKING DAYS LOST BY
EACH WOMAN PER YEAR

A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that rheumatism caused absenteeism among men sufferers at the rate of 25 working days per year, and among women sufferers at the rate of 21 working days per year. Rheumatic pain can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—so can SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURITIS, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, COLDS AND FLU.

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get your share. Prices 1/6d. and 2/3d.

At any time
of strain or pain

'Genasprin'
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genasprin Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

JELKS

Billiards
TABLES

It may be some time yet before NEW Tables are available, but in the meantime, we can satisfy most requirements from a vast stock of Secondhand and Reconditioned Models.

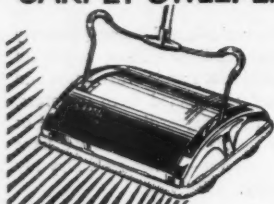
Enquiries are invited stating size and type of table required.

HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N.7.
Estab. 1835. Tel.: North 2747 (13 lines).

We said we'd tell you
when you could buy

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPERS

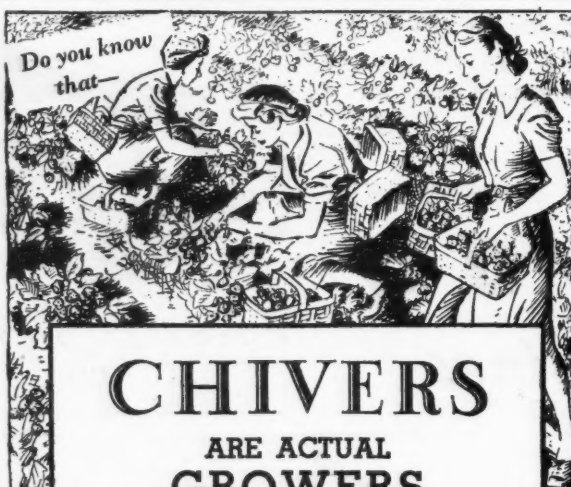


We are now delivering a few, but please be patient with your retailer



Cerebos

Salt of quality



CHIVERS

ARE ACTUAL
GROWERS
AS WELL AS
PRESERVERS
OF BEST QUALITY
FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES

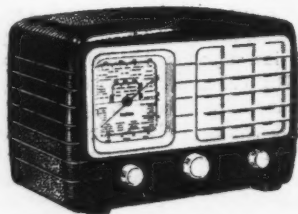
Chivers Jams, Jellies, Marmalade, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, etc., are prepared in the fresh, pure air of the country.

Chivers & Sons Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

TT02G

Lovely to look at

... still better to hear!



Model T401 £15.0.0 Plus £3.4.6 pur. tax

More than a set—it's a service

Supplies are slow—but steadily increasing. Get your name down. Write for the address of your nearest Ultra dealer.

new

ULTRA

RADIO

ULTRA ELECTRIC LTD., SALES DEPT., 62 BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1



To quicken recovery
after illness

the patient's metabolism
must be speeded up

"METABOLISM" is the scientific name for certain processes constantly going on inside our bodies—the breakdown of food by digestion and the absorption of the various nutrients to replace energy.

During illness the rate of metabolism is lowered, and it must be speeded up to quicken recovery. The trouble is that the patient doesn't feel like eating, yet food is needed to raise the metabolism. Doctors advise light, easily digested soups, broths and meat extracts and, of these, Brand's Essence has been found, as a result of clinical tests, to be outstandingly successful in raising the metabolism.



Brand's Essence has an immediate stimulating effect. Once the "turn" is reached and appetite returns, complete recovery is not far off. Brand's Essence costs 3/-.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

THE WAR HAS BEEN HARD ON YOUR TEETH

Teeth need more care than ever before. Give them the benefit of a Tek, the toothbrush that is designed to clean every part of every tooth. Still hard to get because it's the best.

Tek

BRISTLES - 2/10

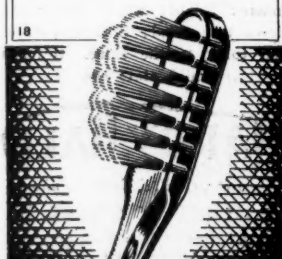
Including Purchase Tax

NYLON - 1/10

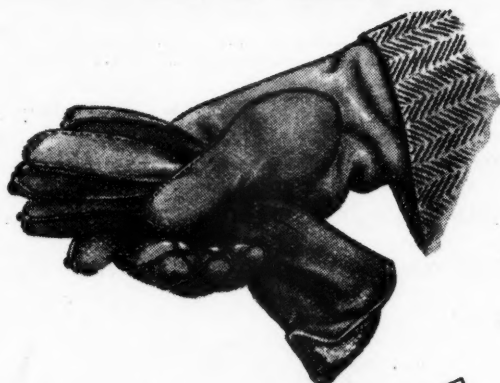
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Made and guaranteed by

Johnson & Johnson
101, BRITAIN LTD. BLOOM & CARBON



Praised on every hand



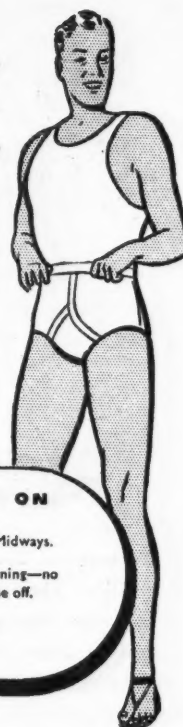
In the Men's Glove Department at Simpsons, you will find gloves made by English craftsmen. The Lamb-lined Tan Cape Gloves illustrated are unrivalled for warmth and comfort. Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. 202, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Regent 2002



"Lucky devil—they never made sensible pants like that in my day. Been wearing things like this all my life. Too old to change now though—too old? —My FOOT!"



POINTS TO PONDER ON

1. Moulded to fit masculine figure.
2. Y-Front opening never gapes.
3. Fitted to hip measurement.
4. Shorts and Midways.
5. Need no ironing—no buttons to come off.

from 4/7 each.



Coopers
Y-front underwear

LYLE & SCOTT LTD., ARGYLL STREET LONDON W.1. AND HAWICK SCOTLAND

TRADE MARK

SEAGERS
SPECIAL LONDON DRY GIN
SEAGERS EVANS & CO.
THE DISTILLERS
LONDON ENGLAND

GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

All material things being equal, it's **craftsmanship** that counts.

INDIA
TYRES

The **Craftsmanship-built** tyre

AFTER SIX YEARS

HENNESSY
JA HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC

BETTER THAN EVER



An overcoat should give more than harbourage from the weather. There should be a pleasurable feeling of warmth and ease, that can be renewed each day and gratefully revived winter after winter. But good materials and good tailoring must first go to the making, as we very well know.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6709



Your Short Cut to Anywhere

Trouble-free air travel starts where you see this sign. Behind it is a B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent—whose job is to iron out all the little worries of overseas travel to-day. He knows exactly what needs doing and how to do it. Accept

his help and you'll find the path to the Airport much shorter and easier than you thought.

Later, as you step from the B.O.A.C. Speedbird at your destination you'll find you have come to the end of a smooth passage that started right back at the Agent's office. And then? Well, there are 5,000 B.O.A.C. Agents throughout the world to help you further on your way.

B.O.A.C. SPEEDBIRD ROUTES across the world
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 BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN CONJUNCTION WITH
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THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
 SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES RECORDS AND RADIO APPARATUS

"His Master's Voice" leadership in tonal quality and purity of reproduction is no mere accident . . . It has been won—and held—by the finest research organization in the radio industry.



THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX.



"Who would be a housewife?"

"ALWAYS wrestling with food. The meal at night is the worst. I do the best I can and a couple of hours later they say they're hungry. Honestly, I could walk out of the house! Still, I know how to cope with it now. I give them Benger's Food. It is very satisfying and seems to soothe the digestion. You sleep better and feel much fitter in the mornings. And heaven knows one needs to!"

Benger's is milk in a most nourishing and easily digested form with the added nutriment of Benger's itself. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.
 BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CRESSHIRE.





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXI No. 5524

November 6 1946

Charivaria

A CORRESPONDENT says that recent British crime films have been dull and unsuccessful. They can't have been based on recent British crime.

A reader says he gave generously to the children who called with a Guy Fawkes on Tuesday. His idea was that they might let him off carols later on.

The opening scene in a new novel is the marriage of the hero and heroine. If we know anything about modern novels, chap II soon follows.

"For sale, B.S.A. 3-wheeler, £100. Also large Detachable Boot, suitable for traveller."—*Advt. in Sussex paper.*

For inserting in doorways?



Cigarette Queue
"CABINET WATCH CLOSED SHOP"
Heading in "Daily Express."

"I cooled my heels on the platform for twenty minutes," writes an irate railway traveller. He should have cooled them in comfort in front of the waiting-room fire.

"Problem of Housing Black Markets," runs a heading. But why not leave them more or less in the open, as they are now?

A naturalist says he cannot explain why a young cuckoo is still to be seen in Epping Forest at this time of the year. Hasn't the creature been told that it was hatched for export only?



A soldier complains that he was palmed off with some perfectly abominable cigarettes in a Bombay store. This is thought to be some variation of the Indian rope-trick.

"If your small boy is cheeky, take him on your knee and reason with him," recommends a writer. Ventriloquists say they have already tried this.

"I listen to the Third Programme from start to finish with a crystal set and headphones," says a correspondent. In time this will cure outstanding ears.

A woman who arrived at a Hampshire village from Nottingham brought her thirty-seven cats with her. Local mice are said to be organizing a very strong underground movement.

"The largest welded gas holder in the country was officially opened at St. Helens, Lancashire, on Saturday."

"The Times."

And down went the pressure again.

"Musical car-horns, ready for immediate delivery," reads an advertisement. Or "toot sweet," as the French say.

It is stated that the number of auctions of ex-Army cars is getting less. Purchasers report a falling-off, too.



"His men are preparing to serve about 700 guests with breakfast, lunch and dinner at one sitting."

Daily paper.

Anyone in charge of the bicarbonate of soda?

A conference of stage magicians was held at an hotel. There was a scene in the cloak-room after the proceedings when one of the delegates complained that he was given the wrong rabbit in his hat.

What is Wrong Now?

RINGED round though I seem to be by a group of spies, whose sole aim is to catch me out in the use of long words, and then pounce on me like great cats with their fierce claws, and their loud yells of scorn, I still keep on my lone path and feel no fear. Once or twice I may have failed, like the great Bruce of whom you have read at school, but I keep up the fight in the sure faith that my cause is just and good, and the man who trips me up this time can have a bag of nuts for his pains.

But if I win, he can treat me to a glass of strong ale, or half a pint of wine, or let me give him a blow in the face with a salt wet fish.

Come on, my pen. I bought this brave new pen of mine not here, but in what I may call the Green Isle, which was once so full of kings that you could not throw a stone and fail to strike one, where turfs are used for coal, and there is still no want of eggs and beef and cream.

I bought this pen there to help me in my new brave work, and I might have brought back, so they told me, a great ham and a pound or so of cream, but I did not.

For a man looks a fool, I think, when he is asked "And what have you in that bag of yours?" and he says "Just a few things for the night," and they throw back the lid, and ask "And what would you want with that great ham and that deal of cream for in the night? Is it starved you are?" And if there is one thing that I do not like it is to seem a fool in speech or in print. But all this is by the way.

What I wish to speak of is that I went to this land by the air, and came back by the air, and it struck me not for the first time that men do not fly.

Great and brave and wild though the feats may be that men do and have done in the air, and just and well earned their praise, it is strange that they like to say "I flew," when what is done is to get in a great or a small plane, and run and turn and roar and shake and at last leave the earth as they sit still as a mouse in the thing, or drive it if they have the nerve and the skill.

For to say "I flew to France" when you go to France in a plane is the same as to say "I swam to Spain" when you go to Spain in a ship.

It is true that men do use these strange forms of speech (I mean men who do not think so hard nor so deep as I) as when one says "The wife and I ran down to Hove," or "We took a spin to Rye," when they are both of them too fat to run or spin for five yards, and it was the car that ran or span. And they say "We crawled the whole way to York," though they did not, and a fine sight it would have been if they had, on their hands and knees, and a good thing to take down the sin of pride that is in them, but what they mean is that they sat or stood in a train and there was a fog in the air and a fug in the coach, and it may be a strike of the men who grease the wheels. But since the dawn of time it has been man's dream to fly as the birds fly, that is to say to leap up in the air by the force of his arms, or with wings tied to his arms, and flap them up and down or soar with them on the wind, and perch on rocks and crags and the high tops of trees, and sing like the birds, and be lost in the sky, and drop back to earth just when and where he may wish, and not in a great field which is half the size of a shire.

A man would have liked to be a lark or a dove or an owl, or a tern or a shrike, or a grebe or a knot, or a kite, or a twite, and you can see at once how much I am helped in this work of mine by the sure fact that there is no stint of birds with short names in our land, and to tell the truth,

the stint is a bird, though I do not know where it lives nor what it has to eat. But since the men of old could not fly, they used to carve and draw and paint bright shapes like men with wings to show their hopes and the dreams that they had, and when they lost trust in these bright shapes they built planes, but the more they built planes the more they watched birds and wished to be like them.

I should have said all these things to the girl in the plane who was like a kind young nurse and came to tell me how to tie a strap round my waist, but I did not think she would care for so much talk, and when she said "We have now reached the Wye," I said "How nice!" though I could not see the Wye, but just a great plain of white wool which seemed to stretch in the light of the sun to all the ends of the world. And it seemed strange to me that she should say "We have now reached the Wye" when one could not see it, for no man jumps up in a tube train and points to the roof and says "We have now reached the Green Park" or "We have now come to Sloane Street" when there is but the dark of the night to look at.

But I did not tell her this. I said "My ears ache a bit," and she said "Blow your nose."

And that is the way one flies. But a stint does not wear a strap round its waist, and I do not think that a smew feels a pain in its ears.

Yet I might go on from there, if I wished to praise man and his works, and point out that a shrike has no kind nurse to bring him a cup of tea while he flies, and that a grebe could have no tray to put the ash in if he wished to smoke while he was in the air.

And, by and large, it may be that if man does not fly as the birds fly, there are yet some aids to his ease, when he is moved through the sky, that birds do not get. And though it was not done in my plane, there seems to be no rule which says that you must not sing like a lark the whole way or screech like an owl. If I had thought of this at the time I would have asked the girl, and she might have said "Go on then, and I will get the rest to join in."

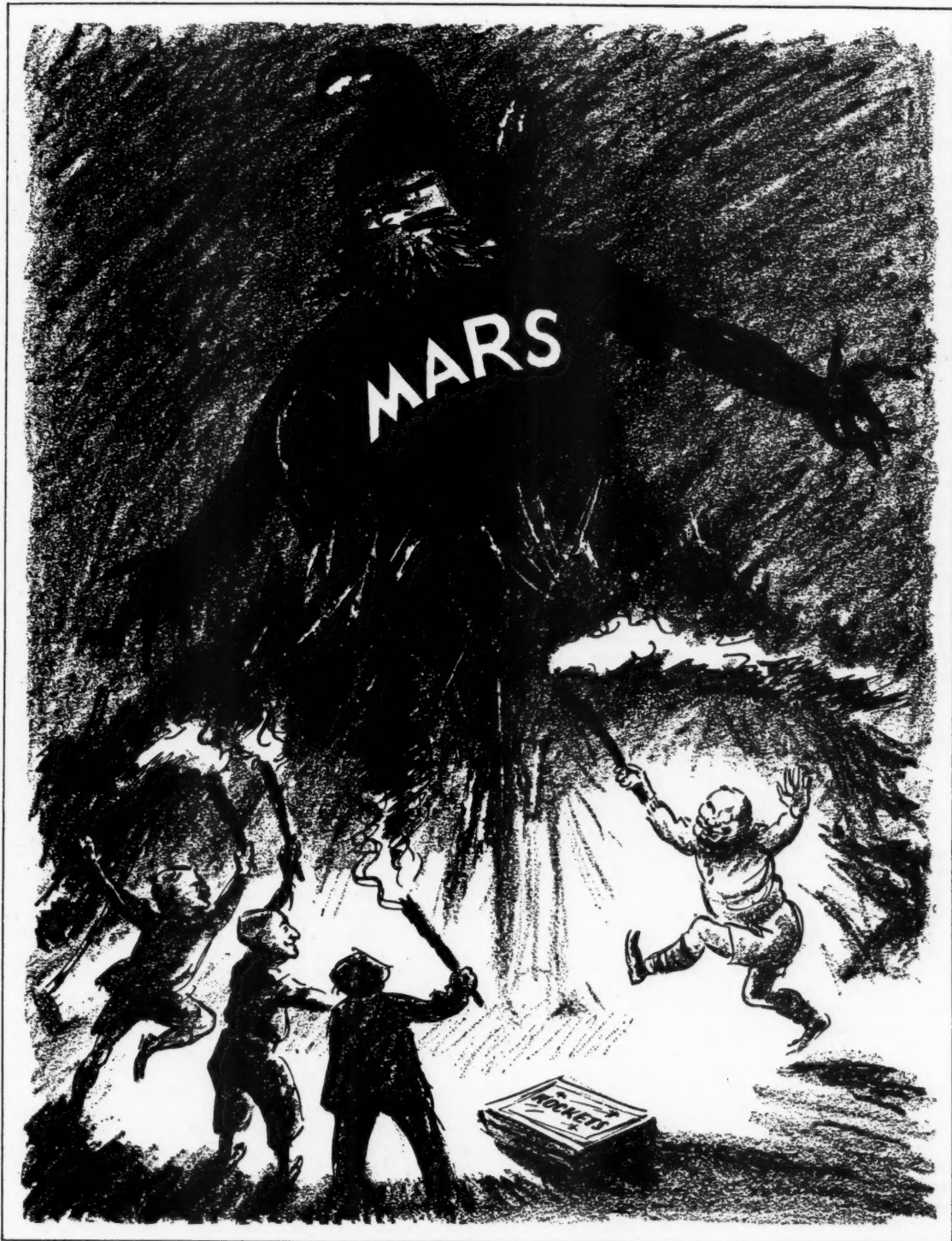
And now the drinks are on you.

EVOE.

Season Ticket

JOHN owned a very ancient car. It went not fast, it went not far (On certain days, as I recall, It did not even go at all); Till, having bent it in a smash And being short of ready cash He sold the thing for only twice Its nineteen-thirty purchase price— A most unnatural sacrifice.

He therefore had to find a way To get himself to work each day, So called upon an old relation Who as a spare-time occupation Dabbled in witchcraft and in spells Somewhere down near Tunbridge Wells. He found her willing to agree To take him for a moderate fee Upon her broomstick. So he went Each day, to Regent Street from Kent, Reflecting that a witch in time Saves the seven-fifty-nine.



THE BAD GUY

"Never mind the fireworks, let's burn this thing."

An Innocent at Large

[Mr. Punch's special representative is spending the next few months in America to find out what is really happening over there.]

V—Manhattan at Work and Play

I HEARD Mr. Truman's recent statement on meat and controls in the company of two charming and hospitable New Yorkers. Before the radio was switched on they arranged a small bet on whether or not the O.P.A. meat ceiling-price would be removed. Al said the President would "hold the line" and ignore the threats of his opponents in Congress; Hank said the President would surrender because he lacked any very strong convictions about controls and because a fortnight of meat before the elections might save the Democratic vote. I said nothing.

The speech began with a number of savage thrusts at the "selfish interests" which had left the stock-yards empty and put juicy black-market steaks into the mouths of the wealthy. Hank chipped in here to remark that the Democrats were leaning heavily on the vegetarian vote and he slipped Al a dollar bill in settlement of the debt. The President was digging his toes in. But the next few paragraphs were shaky. Hank sat up and grinned and Al passed two bucks. It was quite exciting for me, watching those dollar bills move on a shuttle-service as the speech progressed. But at last the cat was out of the bag and the spoils rested with Hank. The following day meat prices rose by more than fifty per cent. and the cattle began to move in from the ranges.

New York is preparing for the November Congressional and Gubernatorial elections, and the newspapers are becoming more and more vehement in their advice as polling-day approaches. But there is much good humour, too, in the campaigns. Hoover's famous slogan, "Two Cars in Every Garage," has turned up again as "Two Families in Every Garage"—a neat Republican crack at the Democrat's housing programme. By the way, there is intense interest here in the story of London's squatters. New Yorkers are as short of *lebensraum* as Londoners and there are many empty mansions in the Park Avenue district. At any moment action is expected from the American branch of the Squatters' Union, and everybody wonders whether the removals in and out will be as peaceable as they were in Britain.

More crude but probably as effective is the slogan "For Horse-sense vote Republican—for Horse-meat vote Democrat," while "Vote for Truman; he kept us out of Wallace," is just about as American in flavour as one can imagine. Horse-meat is only one of many substitutes for beef in this land of much latitude and longitude. Buffalo meat (porterhouse steak) has been on sale in some cities at \$1.75 (8s. 9d.) per lb., and a recent issue of the New York *Daily News* carried a picture of a hippopotamus marked out neatly for the butcher's knife. The straw votes (Gallup-style forecasts) are in the wind, and from now until November 5th citizens will be told daily just how they are going to vote. At the moment the elephant* leads the donkey by a trunk.

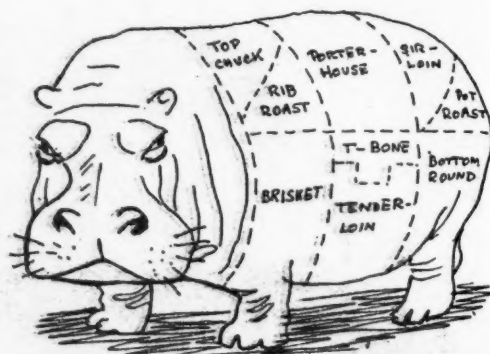
The Republicans (or G.O.P., Grand Old Party) seem most afraid of the memory of F. D. R. and desperate attempts are being made to disperse the aura of infallibility which surrounds his name. Elliott Roosevelt's book, *As He Saw It*, seems to have supplied the debunkers with a lot of

ammunition. A recent leading article makes out that Roosevelt's "sublime faith in Joe Stalin's honesty" prevented the adoption of a Churchill plan to drive deep into the Balkans before the iron curtain crashed down.

"Pop [F. D. R.] saved the British Empire all right," says the leader, "but how smart a job of saving did Pop do?"

The answer, of course, is that Pop fixed things for another, bigger and swifter dash to rescue the Empire.

Extracts like this need no finding in the American press to-day, but it would be entirely misleading to suggest that they are wholly representative of public opinion. American newspapers are more local or provincial in their appeal than British papers (their circulation figures are much smaller too) and cater for their sectional interests without any very noticeable restraint.



New York looks at the meat shortage.

With too much to read—even if he buys but one of the many dailies—the average American citizen manages to find some kind of stability and a certain economy of effort by signing on as the slave of the columnists. These gentlemen are common enough in Britain, where they are read for their relatively light chatter and comment. Here in the United States they are considered fountains of wisdom. I should feel distinctly weary about the British press if its columnists ever won the dog-like devotion from their followers that many do over here.

If you want a perfect refuge from columnar scare-mongering and electional and atomic din the Hayden Planetarium is the place. To relax under its great bowl and watch the stars dip into view, as night falls, and ride smoothly in their courses, to be rid for a time of noise, obstructive skyscrapers and the frantic neon signs of commercial man, and to lose Broadway for the serener glitter of the Milky Way—well, that really is something, as I am learning to say.

Last Sunday the Planetarium's special attraction was "The Autumn Constellations," though a few of the young couples were lured there, I feel sure, by the intense darkness of the auditorium. The lecturer's quiet, easy humour earned more genuine laughter than a dozen funny shows I have seen and the youngsters were as enchanted as their elders. The Great Square in Pegasus became a baseball "diamond" and the fans yelled with delight as a white

*The elephant is the traditional symbol for Republicans; the donkey for Democrats.

arrow of light rushed from base to base, first as a member of the Boston Red Sox, then as a St. Louis Cardinal. The performance ended with a brilliant display of shooting stars and a dawn of amazing realism. What a place for busy poets!

New Yorkers work hard and play hard—much harder than is possible for long on the current British diet. The other night I went down to Greenwich Village to sample two very different kinds of entertainment, both of extremely high standard. Asti's is a little restaurant renowned for its singing waiters. The music is entirely operatic, continuous and unorganized—no jazz, no crooning. Everybody sings. Then by some strange law which has nothing to do with phons and decibels, one voice emerges triumphantly from the racket and soars. And immediately everyone recognizes the wonder of its flight so that all competition ceases. The waiter (waitress or customer—if he is *very* good) puts down his tray or glass and is transported to the stage of La Scala. Torrents of impassioned music fill the little room and the audience is spellbound. During a very mournful passage from Puccini (I think), while the tears were rolling freely, I saw the barman go out into the street to shake a cocktail rather than ruin the performance by his noise. It isn't often you see that kind of thing to-day, Mr. Chipmoke. It certainly impressed me. At one particularly fluid part of my dinner I was sufficiently moved to go all Gigli. Mercifully the mood soon passed.

From Asti's to the Café Society Down-town, a notorious home of le jazz hot, is across a few blocks and several decades. Here the microphone is king and the music is negroid, noisy, frenzied and brilliantly rhythmic. The diners (though 3 A.M. is a strange time to dine) fill up

their odd corners with sandwiches as thick as *Who's Who* and work as energetically as the performers. They tap their feet, clap their hands, bounce their bodies, roll their eyes and utter strange oaths of delight. The room seems full of mechanical drills. Hepcats get in the groove very smartly at the Café Society Down-town. The success of the evening when I was there was a busy ditty called "Going Up" with an alarming forecast of uncontrolled inflation. It was sung of course through a microphone, although the room was barely big enough to swing a hepcat in.

Two postscripts. First the discovery that Manhattan's society is basically matriarchal. The beautiful woman is supreme, it appears, in every walk of life. She is on the front page of every newspaper and magazine, in every advertisement, drugstore, automat, cafeteria, plane, office, shop—everywhere. And her beauty is more synthetic and standardized than ever. For a long time in Britain we have accepted the fact that many (or most) women are dissatisfied with the original colour of their hair and lips, the shape of their eyebrows and the length of their eyelashes. But American women (six out of ten, I am told) now prefer someone else's figure to their own and upholster themselves like ice-hockey players or American footballers. The results are frightful.

Secondly, the discovery that there are no yes-men in New York. You never hear the word "yes." You hear "ya," "yea," "yeah," "sure," "surely," and "you're welcome," which are all fairly synonymous. But "yes" is tabu. "Ya," very staccato, is the affirmative of the moment, corresponding to the "yep" of the last boom and contrasting with the tired, despondent "yeah" of the great depression.

HOD.



"And now the laundry threatens to strike while the iron's hot."

At the Pictures

BRIGHT SPOTS

I WAS really astonished to find how continuously *Carnival* (Director: STANLEY HAYNES) held my interest. I never read the novel, but the outlines of the story have been familiar to me for many years, and long ago I heard it broadcast (it is what I always think of when the B.B.C. Effects Department's sea-gulls are mentioned); and I approached the film without enthusiasm, knowing it was not the kind of thing I usually like.

But I found surprisingly much to like in it. A notable point is that it is nearly always visually interesting. In a fairly obvious way, perhaps; but sharp light-and-shade, used with imagination, is a stimulating change from what I have before called that silvery, all-over, glossy, hotel-bedroom gleam so regrettably characteristic (for so many years) of the average British film. Here is a British film in which the theatre-stage scenes, as well as the domestic interiors, have an air of solidity and structure, and make sense to an eye bored with empty smoothness and dazzle. The ear too is refreshed by a good deal of mildly fancified dialogue, which reminds us that this was, after all, a Compton Mackenzie novel. Other reminders—almost invariable in films based on novels—are the stretch of time covered by the story, the profusion of minor characters, and the sometimes abrupt and unexplained changes of mood. We are given little enough reason, for instance, why *Jenny Pearl* should suddenly marry the Cornish farmer; and hardly a hint prepares the way for his radical change of attitude towards her.

The Cornish episode at the end is in fact the weak part of the film; the rest of it has an unexpected strength. SALLY GRAY is a decorative and charming *Jenny Pearl*, but gives at intervals an impression of gruff self-reliance that is out of key with the "forlorn-little-dancer" idea. Of the other players, the best are CATHERINE LACEY and STANLEY HOLLOWAY as *Jenny's* mother and father.

Carnival is an uneven but interesting essay in artificiality, strengthened with touches of truth; another British film, *Appointment With Crime* (Director: JOHN HARLOW), is a still more uneven, no less interesting essay in the every-

—London dance-hall, lodging-house, garage—is often outstandingly good, and WILLIAM HARTNELL makes a powerful impression as a thoroughly unpleasant character, a savagely obsessed and revengeful ex-convict.

This is a self-dramatizing tough (though not exactly a "spiv," as he claims to be) who not only knows all the answers but is determined to astound everybody with his insouciant ease in providing them. The story involves not less than three murders, and the plot is unusually elaborate; but the speed with which it is unfolded crams a great deal of entertainment into a picture of only average length. JOYCE HOWARD is the girl (a dance hostess), ROBERT BEATTY the Canadian detective who solves the mystery, but the memorable people are small-part players: ALAN WHEATLEY as a languid young scoundrel, IVOR BARNARD as an alarmingly vicious jobbing printer ready to have anybody murdered sure he has the name right.

No director's name is given for the French film *Le Bois Sacré*, a farce made in 1940 but now shown here for the first time. Much of it seems a bit hard-working, giving the impression of mechanically-stimulated, galvanic liveliness rather than the fresh, living brilliance one expects in a French picture; but still it has some genuinely good bits, and it made me laugh. The scenes at the Ministry of Fine Arts (a literary lady is pulling every wire she can find in an effort to get herself awarded the Legion of Honour) are full of character and the most admirable comic invention. I particularly liked the functionary, called to look at some forged paintings, who sadly admits "*J'ai un horreur de la peinture*," and the Minister's difficulty—this is a simple and even obvious device, but so beautifully used as to be very funny—in remembering the names of the Muses. The marital infidelity stuff is conventional, but not troublesome. R. M.



J.H. DOWD

[Carnival]

MOTHER'S TIPS

Jenny Pearl SALLY GRAY
Florrie CATHERINE LACEY

day, enlivened by an almost Dickensian exuberance among the minor characters, but marred here and there by artificial conventions. The detail here

stimulated, galvanic liveliness rather than the fresh, living brilliance one expects in a French picture; but still it has some genuinely good bits, and it made me laugh. The scenes at the Ministry of Fine Arts (a literary lady is pulling every wire she can find in an effort to get herself awarded the Legion of Honour) are full of character and the most admirable comic invention. I particularly liked the functionary, called to look at some forged paintings, who sadly admits "*J'ai un horreur de la peinture*," and the Minister's difficulty—this is a simple and even obvious device, but so beautifully used as to be very funny—in remembering the names of the Muses. The marital infidelity stuff is conventional, but not troublesome. R. M.



J.H. DOWD

[Appointment with Crime]

TWIN SOULS

Loman RAYMOND LOVELL
Leo WILLIAM HARTNELL

Impasse Corner

"Small 3-wheel Bicycle Wtd."
Advt. in Sheffield paper.

Squibs are Scarce Again.

NOTHING could be simpler or duller than not being able to buy fireworks.

It goes like this:
Myself (gazing thoughtfully at a "No FIREWORKS" notice). Have you any fireworks?

Man. Afraid not, sir.

Myself. No rockets?

Man. Sold out. They went in a morning, what we had.

Myself. No squibs or golden rain? No Catherine wheels?

Man. No fireworks at all, sir.

Myself. What about those things that used to send up a series of coloured balls, making a small *poof* each time?

Man. We have no fireworks of any kind or description. Roman candles have been particularly scarce this year.

Myself. I don't insist on Roman candles. Anything would do.

Man. I'm afraid I can't help you. I am right out of fireworks.

Myself. I see. I came up specially. Even one or two squibs would be better than nothing.

Man. THERE IS NOT A SINGLE FIREWORK IN THE SHOP. I can't put it plainer than that, can I?

Myself. In that case I'll leave it, thank you.

The insolence of these people! It will be a long time before I buy any fireworks from *that* man again.

The procedure for not doing anything about November 5th is equally simple. It is the work of a moment to post a notice in the hall where it can be clearly seen by all in family:

NOVEMBER 5TH CELEBRATIONS

It is regretted that owing to a shortage of fireworks there will be no celebrations on November 5th this year.

The following conversation ensues:
Herself. Do you mean to say you didn't get any fireworks at all?

Myself. Afraid not.

Herself. No rockets?

Myself. Rockets! A fat chance I had of getting any rockets.

Herself. Well, then, what about squibs or Roman candles? Roman candles aren't bad, if you can't get rockets.

Myself. I dare say they aren't. Unfortunately there weren't any Roman candles. They had no fireworks of any description whatsoever. Roman candles are fireworks. Therefore they had no Roman candles. That is a syllogism.

Herself. Syllogisms are not much use to the children, least of all on Guy

Fawkes Day. A Catherine wheel is what they want, poor little mites.

Myself. Nothing is gained by calling the children poor little mites. I tell you they had no Catherine wheels.

Herself. Surely they had some Chinese crackers or something?

Myself. Chinese crackers!

Herself. Did you ask about Chinese crackers?

Myself. What on earth is the point of asking them for every single sort of firework by name when you already know that they haven't got any fireworks AT ALL? As a matter of fact crackers are particularly scarce this year.

Herself. It isn't as if we wanted a lot. Half a dozen would have done.

Myself. That's a good thing. That makes us only six short altogether.

Herself. I knew I ought to have gone myself all the time.

This completes the preparations for November 5th, except for a short conversation with the children:

Themselves. Hullo! What did you get? We got some rockets and Roman candles and a few squibs, only they hadn't got any Catherine wheels. Did you get any Catherine wheels?

Myself. Catherine wheels are particularly—

Herself. Your father had a syllogism, but it came to pieces in his hand.

Themselves. Gosh, what a swizzle!

* * * * *

It is depressing to reflect that there are now only about forty shopping days left in which to fail to get anything for Christmas. H. F. E.



"Well, well, that's too bad! The last gentleman didn't give the right answer to that question. As you see, he has had to pay the usual forfeit."



"And now I simply MUST hunt round and try and find a second-hand mouse trap."

Villanelle of Some Pique

WHEN I produce a piece of wit
From my exiguous little store
I think that folk should notice it.

The indications, I submit,
Are such as no one should ignore
When I produce a piece of wit;

With livelier fires the cheek is lit,
The voice is gurglier than before;
I think that folk should notice it.

It strains my powers quite a bit,
It shakes my system to the core
When I produce a piece of wit;

Unless they wish me to be quit
And jest for their delight no more,
I think that folk should notice it.

* * * * *

I have a mind to serve a writ
Upon a certain editor.
When I produce a piece of wit
I think that folk should notice it.

M. H. L.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

SO far adults are what I have mainly catered for; but I fully recognize the claims of those of greener years, and such must be met from time to time, so I am now providing a Children's Page.

"CHICKABIDDIES' CHITTER CHATTER"

PROEM

This page is written just for you, adapted to your understandings, vetted to make sure it raises no blush, intended, though frolicsome, to form character on the side, and should be a real counter-attraction to delinquency. Read on:

MERRY CONUNDRAS

Why is a sad maltster like a cantilever bridge?—Because each has nothing in common with the other and this constitutes in itself a similarity.

At half-time the Conjoint are two ahead. If Padgers do twice as well in the second half they should win. The combined teams come to twenty-six. Is the match rugger or soccer?

What is the shortest line in the world?—Two points touching.

What is the longest line in the world?—Ditto, owing to Relativity. (Ask teacher to explain this.)

What king never played the piano, never ate crêpes suzettes and never owned a trouser-press?—Ethelbald.

Murgatroyd Moss remembers the Battle of Waterloo, his son remembers the Battle of Inkerman and his grandson remembers the Battle of Jutland. Their combined ages are twenty-three. WHAT HAS GONE WRONG?

A GOOD HOBBY

Collect snakes' eggs.

SOMETHING TO MAKE ON A WET AFTERNOON

Cut a sheet of oxidized brass into strips 11' by 2' by 8". At the end of each strip make a hole of diameter $\frac{3}{8}$ "; any good blow-pipe will do this readily. Pass copper wire through all apertures and tie a reef knot. Suspend from ceiling and use to strike the hours.

A TRICK TO PLAY ON MUMMY

Save up your pocket-money and put an advertisement in the local newspaper saying that she wishes to exchange dogs for cats.

A LITTLE TALK ON SERIOUS MATTERS

When you grow up you may well find yourself a citizen, which means you will have various kinds of vote, and no doubt you will wonder how to use them all. "Oh, dearie me!" you will say at your club, "whatever does it behove me to do?" Now just because you are an adult you need not feel that all interest has been lost in you by the editor of this page. Just drop him a line and he will forward to you a list of thoroughly nice people for whom you can cast votes, secure in the knowledge that you are a really tip-top voter.

A BICYCLE WRINKLE

To improve your bicycle's performance reduce its weight, as every additional ounce increases wind-resistance. Rub it hard all over with pumice-stone and layer after layer of



SICKS

"... then this pen-friendship ripened."

molecules will be removed from it. Leave, however, the maker's name, as I am not quite sure of the legal position if you erase it, and the uncle who does the Law Section will not be back with us for ninety days.

KIDDIES OF OTHER LANDS

Zachary is a little Eskimo boy, who lives Up North with his Granny, in the comfiest little igloo you ever saw. Often in the evenings they make snowballs from the ceiling and have scrumptious fights. When he was ten he fell in with a school of walruses which brought him up for a couple of years. He used to cut their moustaches with his little harpoon, but one day Granny called for him as she wanted some help with the whaling. Little Zachary is very loyal, is loved by all the reindeer and does not believe in Father Christmas; this is because his faith was destroyed by some materially-minded meteorologists whose research-ship got iced in one winter near his home. He feels, however, a great debt of gratitude to plankton.

THE LAB BOY'S LOG

What will scientists get up to next, is often asked. Well, one thing they have been getting up to is finding new uses for desiccated coconut. Two chemists at Seattle have been compressing desiccated coconut under weights for twenty-three years. Their theory is that pressure will probably make it into a thin, brittle wafer, and if they should subsequently be able to work out a process for making this tough and flexible, razor blades might be made from it. Another use for desiccated coconut has been discovered in the laboratories of the Pearl Divers' Research Union. It is ground very small, and being white looks like powdered snow, the only difficulty being that the surface is matt rather than crystalline. Attempts are,

however, being made to remedy this by the use of a transparent varnish. Yet a third use is for barter, but this perhaps is more a job for an economist, and whether economics is a science we shall not risk deciding. Obviously there is a great future for D.C.N. Science Marches On.

SERIAL

(Cut this out, and when you have collected all the instalments see if you can fit them together in the right order. If you send them to the editor you will receive a handsome card in two colours telling you whether you are right or wrong.)

Esterhazy of the Fourth helped himself to the last rhumbaba in his tuck-box. He cogitated. He excogitated. At last the solution dawned upon him. "*Quam felicissimus sum*," gurgled Esterhazy of the Fourth.

Meanwhile horrid shrieks and sounds unholy echoed from the prefects' corridor, where Fatty Agyropoulos was working his way from study to study, receiving the divers chastisements he had merited during the day. "Peste," he moaned, "I've still got the Masters' Block to do, and then comes the Head. How different it all is from Dartington Hall."

Whilom in the Old Mill the Troublous Trio were putting the finishing touches to the next issue of "The Mag." "Bags I the pen-picture of our worthy form-master," quoth Sandy-the-Freckles. "He will stump up double this time when he sees it in proof." "The school tuck-shop, methinks, will pay right heartily to hide from the light of day the advertisement I have devised for them," smirked Major Minimus. "The threat to print all Josser's jokes before he makes them this term should be indeed good biz," gleamed The Masher. Suddenly a heavy body landed with a thump in their midst. Voodoo once more had reared its ugly head.

o o

Hands (and Knees) Across the Sea

"After crawling round the deck at 7 a.m. before any other passengers were astir, Mr. Molotov returned to his cabin."

Daily paper.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

Fuel

I REGRET to disappoint the large body of readers who will start this article expecting it to be another attack on Mr. Shinwell. I really know absolutely nothing about fuel on what may be called a national scale, and the only teeny-weeny criticism I have to put forward is that so far Mr. Shinwell has not taken any notice of a splendid idea put up to him by Sympson's grandmother, that horse-buses should be reintroduced. Sympson's grandmother says that these were never so crowded as motor-buses are, and this seems a point in their favour, besides the obvious saving in petrol.

Fuel at the moment interests me more on the domestic scale, and I should like to say right at the beginning that I mean to do my best to save the ten per cent. that Mr. Shinwell has asked for. I shall get up two hours later every morning this winter, which will save a great deal of fuel, and I have also decided to cut out visitors' baths. In the old days I used to tell week-end visitors that they could have a hot bath absolutely any time they liked, and show them how the geyser worked.

It is not one of those modern geysers that lights up when you turn the tap. It is a much earlier and more experi-

mental model. First you turn on the water, and then when the machine starts making a hissing noise you thrust a lighted match hastily through an aperture. This produces a loud explosion, but there is no harm done, and the water generally gets quite hot.

In future I shall explain to visitors that they can have a hot bath at any time they like at *their own risk*. I shall tell them that my Uncle Ernest is still in hospital from the last time the geyser exploded. If they are very bold and actually try to have a bath they will be so frightened when the normal explosion occurs that the odds are heavily in favour of their turning the gas off quickly and either having a cold tub or just pretending.

In the room where I work I have one of those closed-in stoves that burns a certain sort of fuel that we will call blobite. The stove is constructed to burn nothing but blobite, and when it is fed with blobite it gives very satisfactory results, going on night and day for months together.

In June I went to our local coal merchant and asked him if he thought Mr. Shinwell would object if I got in a few bags of fuel ready for the winter. He said that, far from objecting, he thought Mr. Shinwell would be pleased,

and so I ordered six bags of slobite, as he had a lot of the stuff in the window and pictures of a dog sitting in front of a glowing fire.

When it was delivered my wife said that it didn't look the same stuff as last winter, being more crinkly and a paler sort of black, but I laughed it off—only to find when we started fires the other day that it is absolutely no use for my stove at all, my stove being designed for blobite, which burns slowly, and slobite burning so fast that unless you watch my stove carefully you have to light it again about six times a day. Sympson's grandmother says that when she was a girl there was just coal which you could take or leave and that she doesn't hold with these fancy substitutes.

Luckily Sympson himself, who has a stove that is built to burn slobite, purchased in a feckless moment eight bags of blobite. So we went together to our coal merchant and asked him if he could effect an exchange. He said quite flatly that he could not, so we tried to exchange it by wheeling it through the streets on a barrow. Sympson started off by attempting to bring me a load of blobite, but he had hardly got outside his own front gate when he found he was being followed by a policeman and another man who looked like a spy of the Ministry of Fuel. It was clear that they suspected him of black-market transactions. As he had recently been before the magistrate over some eggs which he had bought quite innocently he was not going to risk a further charge, so he just wheeled the blobite round the streets for half an hour and then took it home again. The policeman asked him why he had taken a load of blobite for an airing, and he just laughed easily and said that he was trying to strengthen his wrist-muscles for a table-tennis tournament and that wheeling a heavy barrow was the best way of doing this.

We are now effecting the exchange by means of brown-paper parcels of the stuff which we take to the club each evening. Sympson's grandmother says that we shall probably be arrested for breaking a Movement of Fuel Order or something similar, but so far we have escaped detection.

Impending Apology

"—, in a quiet part as a nice woman, makes it obvious that she is a very good actress indeed."—*Daily paper*.



"They must get commission on everything they don't sell."



Landed Gentry

CURIOSITY about the future of British agriculture has of late become so breathless that numerous would-be farmers and their parents are in danger of asphyxia. Apart from the fact that the Government intend to introduce a new streamlined method known as strip cultivation, or the Open Field system, little is known about proposals for the treatment of the land itself. A good deal has, however, leaked out through irrigation channels concerning the recruitment, training and promotion of workers—or, as they will shortly soar to the status of Government servants, personnel.

According to the best traditions of the services, Civil and otherwise, all personnel will be divided into clearly defined grades with appropriate titles, and entry will be allowed at different levels.

REGISTERED HOBBLEDEHOY

This is the lowest grade of personnel, to which entry will be gained, as in the improved secondary schools of the future, not by academic attainments but by simple intelligence tests. A basic knowledge of the American film industry will be an added qualification, and high marks will be awarded, among aptitude tests, for ability to count a given number of sheep before complete hypnosis supervenes.

CLODHOPPER, 1ST AND 2ND CLASS

After two years as a Registered Hobbledehoy and a further simple-minded test, or alternatively straight from school with a school certificate including credits in French and Scripture Knowledge, the candidate proceeds to the category of Clodhopper, 2nd Class. After one year more, or immediately if he possesses distinctions in Advanced Mathematics and English

Literature, he is graded 1st Class. One practical test is imposed at this stage, that of dangling a straw from the mouth without looking self-conscious about it.

LEADING OAF

This grade is attained after one year at grass, or direct from school with a higher certificate or 1st M.B. All candidates are required to pass a special paper in Politics and Current Affairs (three hours). The candidate's capacity is measured further, by highly qualified inspectors, at any three local inns. The only other test is that of appearing to dangle a straw from the mouth without actually doing so.

CERTIFIED BUMPKIN

Eighteen months' specialization in propping up gates, or three distinctions in higher certificate, qualify the candidate for the next rank, at which all but the ablest are expected to halt. This class of official will be responsible for most of the really important work of the farm, such as putting petrol in the paraffin tank of the tractor, and offers a very suitable goal for ambitious youth in the rationalized State.

CHARTERED YOKEL

Only outstanding merit in the lower grades or a high honours degree at a university qualify for this rank. The duties are hard, consisting entirely of supervision, but the salary scale is sufficient to attract the best types of all classes to the work.

STATE GAFFER

There is also a post-graduate course of great difficulty leading to this rank. On the analogy of teaching and other largely mechanical occupations, the highest pay will go to those who labour farthest from the distractions of practical work.





"There's gravy soup WITH bread, fish, fillet steak, mushrooms and chips, and peach Mèlba to follow. Then a variety of cheeses, again with bread and as much butter as you want."

Warning

ONE of inventive mind
Has, so I learn, designed
A Cure for Smoking;
He claims at no great cost
That the old trick is lost
Beyond revoking.

Doubtless 'twould fill a need
For weaklings of the weed
Who wish to shun it.
Yet I would have them think
Twice while they're on the brink.
I speak who've done it.

Yes, I remember still
How with an iron will
Intensely keyed up
And with no other aid,
Alone and undismayed,
I gave the weed up.

Maybe for some few days
The change in some small ways
Was efficacious,
But when I view with shame
What I well-nigh became
I say, Good Gracious.

Th' aroma—now called "smell"—
That erst I loved so well
Filled me with loathing;
'Twas more than I could bear,
It soured the ambient air,
It fouled my clothing.

Nay, when I saw men smoke,
Slaves to the cast-off yoke
I looked averse on,
Though little apt to boast
I felt myself a most
Superior person.

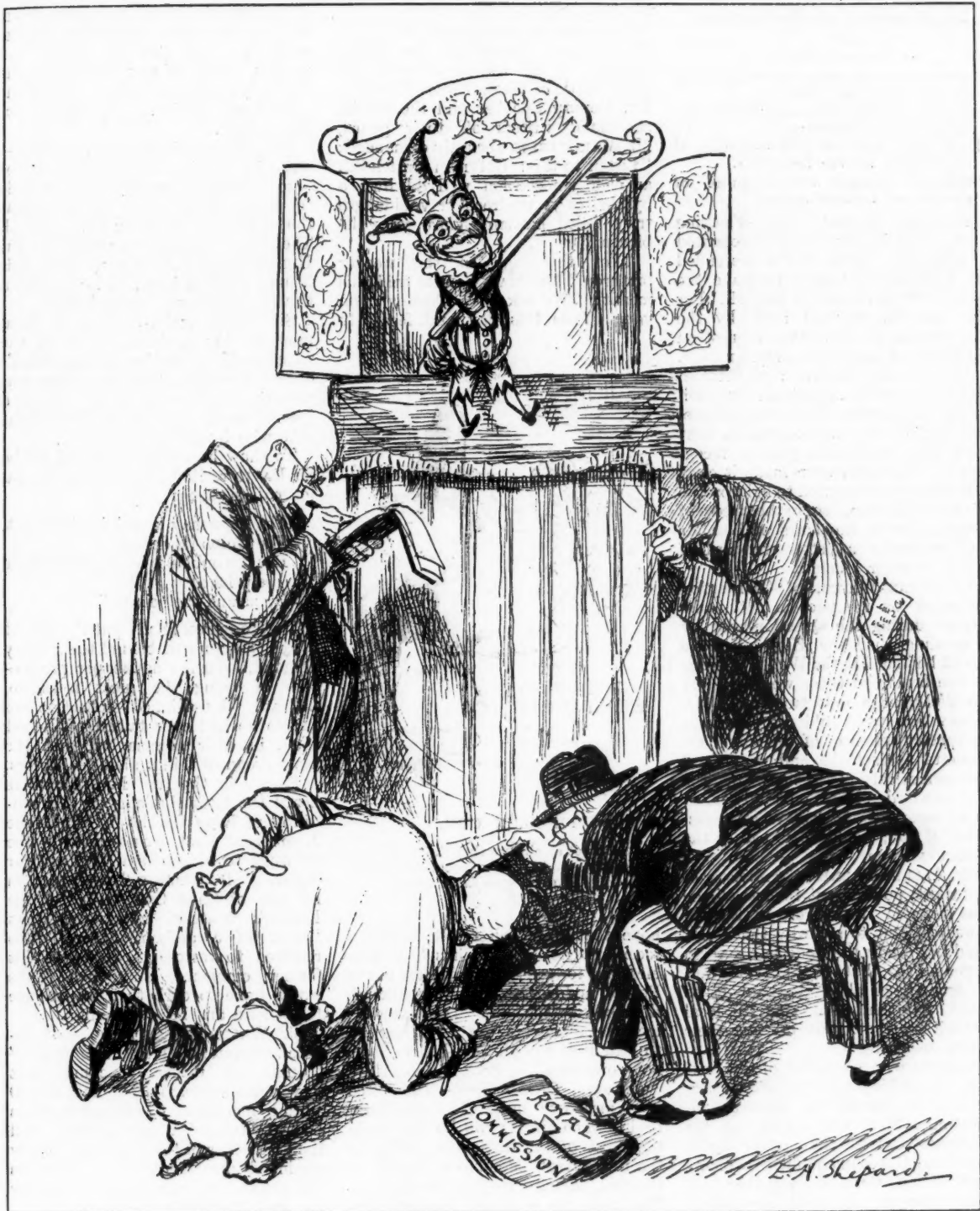
Yes, I was proud. A sin
That darkens one within
And seems to drug one;
A little more, and I,
A modest thing and shy,
Had been a smug one.

Smug. 'Twas a thought that bit.
* * * * *
Swift was the pipe I lit,
And sweet it tasted.
Now I smoke more and more,
Striving to make up for
The time I've wasted.

DUM-DUM.

Toilet Hint for Parrots

"POLISH POLL IN MID-JANUARY."
"Daily Telegraph."



MR. PUNCH AND THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

"Anyhow, nobody manipulates *me*."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, October 28th.—House of Commons: Wales for Ever!

Tuesday, October 29th.—House of Commons: Press Pressure.

Wednesday, October 30th.—House of Commons: On the Defensive.

Thursday, October 31st.—House of Commons: Defence Again.

Monday, October 28th.—Flocking across the border in unprecedented numbers the Welsh M.P.s descended on Westminster to-day to make the voice of Wales heard in English. For this was the day set aside by the Government for the grand inquest on the affairs of that oft-neglected nation.

Most of the English and Scottish Members took the opportunity to catch up on their arrears of correspondence, leaving their Welsh colleagues to fight their own battle for greater recognition. The latter soon made it clear that they were prepared to fight on the beaches of Caernarvon, in the streets of Swansea, or in the lanes of Llanfair P.G. to ensure a better standard of living for their kinsfolk.

Mr. PRICE-WHITE, of Caernarvon Boroughs, set the pace in nationalist fervour during the Question-hour by demanding that the Highway Code should be issued in the Welsh language for the benefit of those who normally use Welsh as a first language. Mr. HARRY STRAUSS could not miss this unexpected chance of pursuing his vendetta against the ambiguous and ungrammatical phraseology of the Highway Code. Now he blandly asked for an assurance that the Welsh translation, if any, would be as bad as the English version.

Mr. ALFRED BARNES, the Minister of Transport, pointed out that as all the road signs in Wales were in English it was difficult to see why the Welsh could not study the Code in a foreign language too, but if the Welsh felt as strongly as all that about it he would pay half the cost if local authorities wanted to prepare their own translations.

Satisfied with the result of this out-post skirmishing the Welsh Members settled down for the real battle ahead. The unqualified declaration by Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS that never again would the Government allow a recurrence of long-term unemployment in Wales brought only small consolation to the home-rulers.

Was it not the bowmen of Wales, recalled Mr. DAI GRENFELL, who were the storm-troopers of England for two centuries? Was not the Welsh language

heard in France at the decisive battles of Agincourt and Cressy?

As if that was not enough, Mr. W. H. MAINWARING introduced the Welsh language to this less decisive yet still fierce battle of Westminster. Catching Mr. Deputy Speaker and the official shorthand writers off their guard, Mr. MAINWARING abruptly demanded: "Listen to this: Gofynwn am fendith ar eich ymdrechion y dydd hwn a bydded ol yr ymdrech yr ymddangos trwy weled hawlan Cymru yn y lle blaenaf."

"For the sake of the weaker brethren," Mr. MAINWARING said this meant: "We ask for a blessing upon your efforts this day and fervently



THE WELSH
ENFANT TERRIBLE

PROBLEM CHILD

"I am not at all sure that the Minister of Health is not himself a peculiarly Welsh problem."—Lady Megan Lloyd George.

hope that they will result in Wales receiving its just claims." Hon. Members for constituencies East of the Border nodded knowingly as though they had grasped Mr. MAINWARING's meaning all along, but were startled to hear that the phrase—believe it or not—originated in Bethnal Green!

Tuesday, October 29th.—The voice of Wales was quickly raised again to-day when Mr. HAYDN DAVIES made the most of the distinction of being the first private Member to initiate a full-dress debate in this Parliament. This time the jealously guarded freedom of the Press was at stake.

He and other journalistic colleagues were putting to the test of a free vote the demand for a Royal Commission to inquire into the control of newspapers.

With some trepidation Mr. DAVIES pointed to Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, K.C., as the chief opposition spokesman. The last time Sir DAVID had made a speech of any importance, he recalled, ten men were hanged and one committed suicide. He hoped for better luck.

Mr. DAVIES adopted the new idea—one with infinite sartorial possibilities—of wearing a blue shirt and a red tie to demonstrate—or so he said—that the debate was entirely non-political. There was apparently no doubt in Mr. HERBERT MORRISON's mind about this being a political issue, for he sported a floral outsize in red buttonholes.

Sir DAVID trained his great legal mind on the problem, spoke of the sponsors of the motion turning King's evidence, and concluded that there was no prima-facie case to go before a Royal Commission. The House thought otherwise by 270 votes to 157.

To show how futile it would all be Sir DAVID recited the words of the old journalists' song:

"The Pope may launch his interdict,
The Union its decree,
But the bubble is blown, the bubble
is pricked
By us and such as we."

Mr. MORRISON finally put the weight of the Government behind the inquiry demand, accusing newspaper proprietors of being the most sensitive, delicate, thin-skinned collection of people he had ever talked with—yet they, in their newspapers, said the most dreadful things about Ministers.

Earlier in the day hon. Members heard the latest bulletin on the condition of King Charles I, whom one Member, at least, was anxious to see returned to his pedestal in Trafalgar Square. Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, in his rôle of Chief Comptroller of the Nation's Statues, announced that "work of a delicate nature" was required to restore the king to his former eminence, and that M.P.s would have to curb their impatience for at least another six months.

Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, that inveterate hunter of Civil Service "heads," thought it rather shocking that Government departments had 19,450 adding machines, 42,000 typewriters and 20,300 duplicating machines, until the Chancellor of the Exchequer dryly reminded him that many typewriters and calculators were needed to answer the hon. Member's questions.

Wednesday, October 30th.—Not to be outdone by the Welsh, the Scottish Members appeared to launch a concerted attack on the unfortunate Mr. LINDGREN, second in command at the

Ministry of Civil Aviation. With a rolling of r's that struck awe into the hearts of the Sassenachs, they r-r-rounded on the Minister for-r-r-depr-r-r-iving Pr-r-restwick and Aber-r-rdeen of their-r-r r-r-rightful air-r-r-ser-r-r-vices.

The Prime Minister relieved the tension when he was asked what name would be applied to the 1939-46 war. He suggested that the Second World War might be the title generally adopted, but Mr. SKEFFINGTON-LODGE could not agree. That, he said, presupposed that there might be another. Could the Prime Minister not take a risk and call it the Last World War? Whereupon Mr. ATTLEE replied

that there had been the first and second Punic Wars, but never, so far as he knew, a third. But he was wrong. There were three.

Curiously, nobody corrected him and the House went on to debate the nation's Central Organization for Defence, and it was left to Mr. ATTLEE to open a two days' debate on this important subject.

Thursday, October 31st.—Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, was in reminiscent mood when two hon. Members urged him to inquire into the possible reaction on young children of regular attendance at the cinema. He pleaded with Members to retain a sense of proportion on such matters, recalling that in his young days the

Penny Blood was said to be the source of all juvenile delinquency. The fact that the Penny Blood was frowned upon only served to increase its circulation.

The Home Secretary's versatility was tested to the full when he was called upon to expound his views on topics ranging from the time elapsing between hanging and the extinction of life, the waywardness of taxi-drivers, and the "book-club" activities of Sir Oswald Mosley.

Mr. MORRISON's announcement that Parliament's prorogation would give M.P.'s five days mid-term holiday aroused far more interest than Part II of the Defence debate, which petered out before its allotted span.

Poppy Day

THE story of Poppy Day is strange. On December 8th, 1915, *Punch* published the well-known poem "In Flanders Fields":

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

The lines were reprinted by permission in the American *Good Housekeeping* in 1918, and this led Miss Moina Michael, a school-teacher and Y.M.C.A. worker, to devote her leisure to making the Poppy America's symbol of Remembrance. In this she succeeded, and for her work was nominated by the American Legion for the

Woodrow Wilson Foundation Award. While Miss Michael was striving to have the Poppy adopted by the American Legion there was touring the United States a Mme. Guerin, who was appealing for American support of French War Charities. Mme. Guerin had the idea of selling the poppy for the benefit of ex-Service men in need, and she put her suggestion to the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, Founder of the British Legion. As a result, the first poppies were sold to the British public in 1921, having been made by the women and children who were then returning to the devastated areas of France. The next year five disabled ex-Service men began making poppies by hand in an old collar factory in the Old Kent Road in London, and the work has so grown that to-day those five have increased in numbers to 324, many of them disabled in the last War. They have produced no fewer than 45,000,000 poppies for this year's Appeal on November 9th.

The same benevolent and welfare services built up for the ex-Service men prior to the 1939-1945 war are there to serve the demobilized men and women of the 1939 war in exactly the same way whether they are members of the British Legion or not, provided the case is a deserving one.

Readers are asked to give as freely as possible on Saturday to this great cause the objects of which are now doubly deserving of their generosity.



The Snails of Justice

AN interesting repercussion of the recent squatting controversy is intriguing legal circles. This is the case of *Rex versus Scrapers Incorporated and Others* (Rex intervening) before the Court of Appeal.

The facts were simple and concerned disputed tenancy. The premises in dispute had been occupied by the Ministry of Delay but were de-requisitioned. Messrs. Scrapers Inc. had been accepted as tenants. On applying for possession they had been assured that the matter would receive attention in due course. They had

secured contracts for door-scrapers for several large housing estates and wished to commence manufacture. The Ministry of Rehabilitation was pressing for delivery. On renewed application for occupancy Messrs. Scrapers Inc. were informed that their application was to receive immediate attention. On this they decided to squat.

Squatting having been effected, the premises were then re-requisitioned by the Ministry of Fun and Games. They offered alternative accommodation. This proving to be a disused brick-works in Barrow-in-Furness, it was

refused by Messrs. Scrapers Inc. After prolonged negotiations the parties agreed to toss. The coin used being found to have two heads, litigation followed.

The case was heard before a common jury, who disagreed. It then came before a special jury, who gave it up; the Court of Oyer and Terminer wouldn't look at the thing, and on this it went to appeal.

The appeal was heard by Lord Twiddletrees, hampered by Lord Shaddock and Mr. Justice Puke.

Mr. Gabblechance opening—he believed—for the Crown, claimed that the Ministry of Delay was still in possession, some of the staff having been found sleeping on the premises.

Lord Twiddletrees asked: Were they sleeping at night or in the daytime? Mr. Gabblechance replied: Both, milud.

Sir Humphrey Pryke, for Scrapers Inc., agreed that these persons had been found sleeping by his clients, but they had been removed before 10 A.M. with due care and attention. He claimed vacant possession.

Mr. Crosshatch, on behalf of the Ministry of Fun and Games, said that by this admission the premises became, *ipso facto*, a common lodging house. He claimed accommodation with fare and firing.

The Indiscriminate Holdings Corporation, landlords, then intervened. Their counsel, Ignatius Chowle, K.C., claimed to be feoffee in great and small and prayed for estoppel.

Mr. Justice Puke remarked that this was very pretty and asked for the music.

Sir Humphrey Pryke moved for venary of custom, the burgesses of Stratford-by-Avon having privilege of rapping on Shrove Tuesday and other days of solemn fast and feast. This excluded Government departments. Answering objections by Mr. Gabblechance he claimed that his clients were burgesses by common report. They were frequently described by this or a colourably similar term. The Chairman of Messrs. Scrapers Inc. was prepared to swear fealty to a liege lord.

Lord Shaddock remarked that this was handsome of him.

Mr. Crosshatch said that his clients claimed prior right—they holding in gavelkind.

Lord Twiddletrees ruled that this was doubtful. In his view they held by primer seizin, but you never knew.



"Beats me why you walked off the pavement in the first place."



"Oh, Bert, I hope you haven't been extravagant."

Mr. Justice Puke remarked that he was familiar with the views of Lord Twiddletrees, which had always served to strengthen his own. It was clear tenancy of frankalmoign, with remainder to lawful assigns.

Lord Shaddock then cited National Glueboilers *v.* the *Whipsnade Advertiser* as a relevant decision. Lord Twiddletrees said that he would bring that up. Lord Shaddock maintained his position. The case in question established a precedent of copyhold of ancient demesne. Some heat being engendered on the Bench, the Clerk of Arraignment called for order and the thing went a bit flat.

Mr. Gabblechance, who was feeling rather out of it, now moved for commoners' rights.

The President, addressing Mr. Crosshatch, ruled that holding in gavelkind and free socage had been commuted to a peppercorn rent. Peppercorns

being now unobtainable the claim went by default.

Mr. Crosshatch said that that was a new one on him. He begged leave to state a case.

Lord Twiddletrees said he could if he liked. He himself had rather lost interest. Mr. Crosshatch then threw up his brief. It was gathered crisply by Lord Shaddock, who has since received an offer from Surrey.

Lord Twiddletrees then gave judgment. He noted that Messrs. Scrapers Inc. had paid no rent, but agreed that you can't think of everything. He granted them tenancy of suit and service—they to pay such coin in gold as would lie on a trencher of the common sort, together with a fat capon at Martinmas. Costs, being costs in the case, would be against all and sundry.

Lord Shaddock concurred. Mr. Justice Puke dissented, but as he

generally did this nobody minded much.

Mr. Sparshott, representing the Ministry of Bedevilment, applied for a writ of fortiter and scrabble. The premises, having been undamaged by enemy action, were scheduled for demolition. In granting this his Lordship directed that it should lie in his office until called for.

Later reports confirm a bit of smooth work by the Ministry of Delay. This was to issue subpoenas on the staff of Scrapers Inc. and then put in the bailiffs.

The Government contemplates bringing in a short Bill.

Flintlocks in the Secret Cavity

"Set of eight Hepplewhite style Dining Chairs, two containing arms, for Sale."

Advt. in "The Times."

Lady Addle and Guy Fawkes Day

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS, —What man, woman or child can resist the thrill of that magic date? When we were young it certainly held a very special significance for us Coots. For not only did an ancestor, the Hon. Sir Bumper Coot, M.P. for Chilblain, narrowly escape losing his life on the famous Fifth of November—if the plot had succeeded and he had not chanced to be in Ireland at the time, it is difficult to see how he could have survived—but it was always a very particular occasion with us children, and indeed with the whole estate, as there were always upwards of a dozen farm hands and gardeners suffering from quite bad burns the following week, honourable scars earned by their loyalty and enthusiasm on the evening of the festivities. I can see it all now—those wonderful showers of sparks. Indeed, I sometimes think my sister Mipsie's almost childlike fascination for diamonds had its beginning in the Coot's Balder Guy Fawkes Day.

But it is a far cry from the eighties to the nineteen-forties, and from old-time fireworks to present-day restrictions. Nevertheless, I was determined I would have the best possible show for the sake of little Hirsie, who had never seen one, although Addle, it must be admitted, was not very keen. He feels that any excitement is not good for his pigs, and during the war, when we had the raids, there was many a time when I have seen my husband quite angry—or as near angry as anyone of his quiet nature can be—at the Germans daring to drop bombs in the vicinity of his sties.

However, I promised him he should have "the evening off" in order to be free to reassure and support his pigs, and proceeded with my plans on my own. I was disappointed to find that our grocer had nowhere near enough fireworks for a really good display, but Mipsie promised to procure a further supply if I would send her some points (this mystified me somewhat, as I did not have to give any for the ones I bought locally, but perhaps it is different in London?), and so as to be on the safe side I routed out a small secret store of cartridges which I knew Addle possessed; they wouldn't be showy, I reflected, but would add to the bangs, which are half the excitement. Then I set about making my guy.

This was no easy task, as may be

imagined. Few of Addle's garments were older than 1902, therefore not yet ready to be abandoned, and mine were the same. Eventually I succeeded in finding a cycling suit he had when he was at Sandhurst, which I was keeping for Hirsie, but decided to sacrifice. This, together with a marabout cape of my own, in perfect condition except for the moth which had eaten most of it, and Addle's opera hat, which he hardly needs now, as he never goes out except to Conservative meetings, made up a splendid costume, and I was paid a real compliment, as I was trying the things on in front of my mirror, when Handbell, my maid, who is a little short-sighted, came into my room and exclaimed "There now, what a lovely guy!"

And so the great day arrived. Margaret put Hirsie to bed for the afternoon, as he was going to be up late, but the little fellow objected so strongly—he has the will of a tiny Napoleon—that he cut the bristles off the whole of Margaret's silver brush set—a wedding present from her husband—as a protest. Margaret was naturally rather distressed at first, but soon relented when she realized, by Hirsie throwing the remains of the brush set at her, that he was really upset about the whole episode. She managed to soothe him down by opening her last jar of peaches in syrup, and punctually at seven o'clock they arrived at Bengers for the festivities.

Then what fun we had! Many of the villagers joined us with their little contributions—though when I say "little" I was somewhat shocked to find many of them owning rockets well above their station—and all went off merrily, including the cartridges, though I hear poor Dr. Dander got peppered by one and his partner is having to do his rounds. Next came the bonfire, which was of course rather damp, after the terrible weather we have had, so took, I fear, a good deal of the paraffin from Addle's special pigstoves which he invented for cold weather. But at last it was well ablaze, with the guy showing up splendidly on top. Little Hirsie won all hearts by dancing round in high glee, chanting "G'anpapa's burning! G'anpapa's burning!" but when later on he saw Addle alive and well, he burst into bitter tears, and we had to promise him the whole of his grandfather's sweet ration for the month before he would be comforted. I am afraid the little chap is too sensitive

for this hard world. It was not until several hours afterwards that we discovered a casualty in our ranks. Mipsie, who had driven down with such a nice young man, a new friend, who is apparently employed in some Government department concerned with super-tax—my sister is nothing if not democratic in her friends—telephoned to say that the poor young man must somehow have got a spark from a squib on to his person. He had been smouldering all the way home in the car, she said, and had burst into flame when she went into his little flat for a drink. Could I give him a new suit, as he was not rich? Well, what could I do but bring out the coupons that I had been storing up for Addle to have a new dressing-gown? His old camel hair will do for a year or two longer if I crochet some patches on it, and *noblesse oblige*, even to Civil Servants—after all, they are the only kind of servants that seem plentiful nowadays. M. D.

The Theatre: Which Way?

I'VE been thinking a good deal about the Drama just lately and I've come to the conclusion that it's high time the dear old lady got away from that hot old stove she's slaving over and out into the open air. If only that nice Mr. Priestley could persuade her to slip into something more comfortable and go out and meet people a bit more, I'm sure she'd feel all the better for it.

Oh, I know what you're going to say, J. B., before you even take your pipe out of your mouth. You're going to say it's none of my business. And you'll be quite right. In the ordinary way I wouldn't have said a word about it, but last night I was foolish enough to glance at the programme of a play I saw at the Frivolity before the war, and in a flash the damage was done. The tired flowers in my window-box seemed to disappear and in their place bloomed great bunches of mimosa. When my landlady came in with my tea she was wearing a sarong, and the sound of surf rose up to taunt me as I read:

Act 1. The cocktail bar of Vanessa Whipsnade's penthouse on Park Avenue.

Act 2. The balcony of Clive Tabasco's hunting-lodge in the Black Mountains.

Act 3. The patio of Lady Sybil Amethyst's villa at Cap d'Antibes.

Contrast this with the *mise en scène*



"... Tell you what—let's stage a lightning strike!"

of *Any More for the Morgue?* now running at the Athenæum Theatre:

Act 1. Evie Smithers' bed-sitting room in Portobello Road.

Act 2. The same.

Act 3. The same.

Escapist I may be, but I'm confident that I shall have the majority of the acting profession behind me—and the lady who plays Evie Smithers slightly ahead of me—when I say that the theatre's preoccupation with the domestic scene is sapping the vitality of performers accustomed to wider horizons and an occasional whiff of patchouli blowing in from the native quarter.

Let me ask you to imagine the feelings of an actress trained in the monsoon-and-martini school who finds herself becalmed for three acts in a London bed-sitting-room. For the audience there are the usual exits, but for Evie Smithers there is no escape.

One can almost see the steady disintegration of her nerves under the impact of that plum-coloured wallpaper. In the last act, in a justifiable attempt to get away from it all, she leaves the stage no fewer than six times to make cocoa for a visiting trades union official. You will notice that she stays out a little longer on each occasion. By the time this play is in its second year we're not going to see much of Evie at all. She'll be sitting back-stage on a fire-bucket, handing cocoa in through a service-hatch and reading one of those little south-for-sunshine operas dreamed up by Mr. Ivor Novello.

Please don't run away with the idea that it is only the performer who suffers. Murmurs of discontent are already beginning to make themselves heard from behind the scenes. Your property man is a proud creature and he is not finding Evie Smithers' potted palm much of a substitute for the

hibiscus of a more adventurous age. Nor, I may tell you, is the scene-shifter who has given the best years of his life to the tactical deployment of *chaises longues* taking at all kindly to the drab new deal of Portobello Road.

I am happy to report, however, that the pantomime is still making a gallant stand against the dead hand of domesticity. And a good job too. The moment I'm fobbed off with Cinderella's flight from the ballroom as an eye-witness account over the radio in the Baron's kitchen I shall take my nephew and any remaining acid-drops to the nearest cinema.

Impending Apology

"Wickersley Community slayers presented Ivor Novello's three-act comedy, 'Fresh Fields' at Wickersley Modern School last night."—*Yorks. paper.*

At the Play

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" (NEW)

THERE must be plenty of people alive who saw Coquelin in this part, and I wish I were among them; but I am content to have seen Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON play it. It suits him down to the tip of as finely corrugated a proboscis as was ever thrown away on a total abstainer from snuff (though that wasn't *Cyrano's* fault. He lived too soon). He has all the necessary weapons at easy command, a lusty bravado which is never arrogant, the disarming gallantry of a poet and a superb sense of satire. His *Cyrano* is an aristocrat who is infinitely engaging and at the same time infinitely pathetic.

ROSTAND worked in fadeless colours, and so far as I can see Mr. BRIAN HOOKER's translation meets the bill sufficiently. The gaiety of the opening act, when *Cyrano* fights the duel while composing his latest ballad (and what a duel! No kidding and no corks on the swords!); the delicious comedy, balanced on a tight-rope between tears and laughter, of his wooing of his beloved *Roxane* for her ham-handed lover, *Christian*; the final tragedy of her discovery, all these are as fresh as ever. The only scene which creaks a little is when *Roxane* arrives on the battlefield with an outsize Ascot basket to stand the Gascon cadets a slap-up picnic lunch; for pantomime and purple nights at Drury Lane have taken the edge off it for us. But so far as light and skilful direction can save it, it survives; and throughout the play Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE's production is triumphant, both in the throbbing aliveness of the crowds and in the delicate overtones of romantic irony which distinguished *Cyrano's* suit.

In parliamentary terms, the Nose has it, but the rest of the team back up Mr. RICHARDSON well. Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON is a charming and resourceful *Roxane*, Mr. MICHAEL WARRE gives *Christian* the right degree of hopeless intensity, Mr. ALEC GUINNESS makes a fine, elegant villain of *de Guiche*, and as old *Ragueneau*, torn

between lyrics and *pâtisserie*, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN is a sturdy figure of fun. Dresses, sound. Sets, imaginative without being showy. Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH did both. I combed the programme for a credit saying "Nasal Effects by Excelsior Nozzles Ltd." or words to that intent, and was disappointed not to find it.

"THE TURN OF THE SCREW" (ARTS)

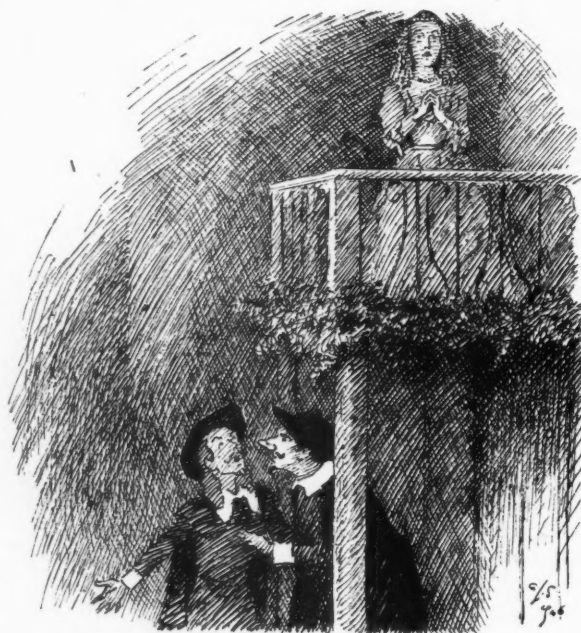
Or "Bly Spirits," as it might be called. Mr. ALLAN TURPIN has fashioned this short two-act play out of HENRY JAMES's story and no

sweet world where their ruin is being swiftly worked. What can the poor *Governess* do to save them? Nowadays she would have rung up Mr. Harry Price, but the only course open to her then was to win *Miles's* confidence and steel him into making a stand against the demons. In this she succeeds; but it costs him his life. The play is admirably taut. Mr. TURPIN takes it just as far as it will go, and was clearly wise not to attempt a third act. Occasionally the language of the *Governess* is noticeably bookish, but in the main the heightened flavour of the speech fits the key of the story accurately. Miss ELSPETH MARCH as the *Governess*, Miss LOUISE HAMPTON as *Mrs. Grose*, and Miss JILL MASON and Master BRIAN WESKE as the children lose no chance to keep us sitting well forward in our seats.

"AWAY FROM IT ALL" (EMBASSY)

Mr. VAL GIELGUD opens up with an excellent situation (though what the Air Council would say to a pilot and a Waaf with a rover ticket for two through the Pacific skies I blush to think) and goes on to waste it. The sinister compulsion of the first act leads us to expect some dark and exciting mystery, whereas all we are given is a long talk by a well-nourished house-party on the ethics of an individual dodging war. Some of the talk is amusing, but we have heard most of the argument before and it tails away. The adventurous couple have force-landed on an island in-

habited by a Napoleonic film-star, long since assumed dead, who has shut himself away from the noisy downfall of civilization with a few Hollywood cronies and an ample cellar. His refusal to let any of them go is in the end upset by the one imponderable, the atomic bomb. The play revolves round him, and once he is shown to be not the superman we had hoped for but only rather a tiresome *poseur* it collapses. Within these limits Mr. RAYMOND LOVELL plays him well, and, while the rest of the party do their stuff competently, the pool is scooped by Miss AVICE LANDONE with a quiet and clever performance as the escapist's extraordinarily patient wife. ERIC.



A THIRD-PARTY PROPOSAL

<i>Christian de Neuvillette</i>	MR. MICHAEL WARRE
<i>Cyrano de Bergerac</i>	MR. RALPH RICHARDSON
<i>Roxane</i>	MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON

amateur of high-level horrors should miss it. Not only has he captured with remarkable cunning the unholy atmosphere of *Bly* (which was a much more unpleasant edition of Borley), but he contrives to make urgently dramatic the possession of the children by the evil spooks of their late man-servant and governess. We see the whole affair obliquely, through the ragged nerves of the new *Governess*, the white face of *Mrs. Grose*, the housekeeper, and the defiant misery of the little victims themselves. There is a brief, beastly sound as of the tuning-up of a demented orchestra, a hellish figure beckons the children and immediately they are lost for a while in a bitter-

Music in London

DELIUS AT THE ALBERT HALL

THE Royal Philharmonic Society's opening concert at the Albert Hall was also the first concert of the Delius Festival, but what marked it as a really great occasion was the fact that Sir THOMAS BEECHAM's splendid new orchestra was heard in London for the first time. We have all looked to Sir THOMAS to rescue orchestral playing in London from the slough of mediocrity into which it fell during the war, and we have not looked in vain. No longer shall we listen to friends from abroad, like Charles Munch and the Orchestre du Conservatoire de Paris, with despair as well as admiration, because every beautiful effect they can produce Sir THOMAS and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra can match with one equally beautiful.

In Sir THOMAS, the music of DELIUS has its finest interpreter, and the first concert of the Festival was a feast in itself as well as a foretaste of joys to come. It began with "Over the Hills and Far Away," an early work which proclaimed that a new star had risen in the musical sky; though the town council of Elberfeld, where it was first performed, threatened to dismiss the conductor for what they considered a wanton assault upon their honest German ears. It is a work of great charm, though it now seems but a pale foreshadowing of "The Song of the High Hills" (written about fourteen years later) which followed it in the programme. Here the composer is no longer a landscape-painter, but, to quote his own words, expresses "the joy and exhilaration one feels in the mountains." In a section of the score headed "The wide far distance—the great solitude," his whole being is wrapt in contemplation of Nature's grandeur. With a chorus of voices, wordless as the wind that "bloweth where it listeth," he awakens in the listener something of

"... a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply
interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of
setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the
living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man . . ."

The loveliness of this music is beyond description, and a performance of it such as Sir THOMAS gave is a memorable experience.

The incidental music to *Hassan*

seemed trivial by comparison, but it was followed by "Appalachia," in which DELIUS again makes use of wordless voices, but with a very different effect. Appalachia is the Indian name for North America, and in these variations on a slave song he describes the tropical country round the Mississippi as reflected in the lives of the negro population that inhabited it. The song itself he heard when he owned an orange-plantation in Florida, and the variations are colourful and descriptive—at one moment melancholy, at another humorous, boisterous or elegiac, all borne along on a stream of humaneness, broad and timeless as the Mississippi itself. Like the human sorrow he beheld, become articulate from its very intensity, the wordless voices at length break the surface of the music, finding words in a poignant song of parting in the epilogue: "Oh,

honey, I am going down the river in the morning! . . ." an echo of the days when slaves were sold to faraway plantations, and the separation of husbands from wives and parents from children had a finality worse than death itself.

The Luton Choral Society deserve a special word of praise, not only for their excellent singing of the choruses but because from their point of view the programme was as unrewarding as for their hearers it was the opposite.

D. C. B.

Cricket in Brobdingputia

"James is a big fellow, with murderous designs on the slow bowlers."

"Evening Standard," Oct. 28.

"James, an aggressive little man, reached his 50 in 74 minutes. . ."

"Evening News," same day.



"That's quick work, anyway—we're in the new directory."



"Yes, they keep you young."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Jonathan Swift

He Served Human Liberty (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 2/6), the title of Mr. R. C. CHURCHILL's essay on Swift, is taken from a poem on Swift by W. B. Yeats. There is little to be said for the current practice of using a sentence as the title of a book. Neither human beings nor a complex series of events can be adequately characterised within the limits of a single affirmation. "King Lear" is a better and more comprehensive title than "They Ejected Their Father"; and "The Cloister and the Hearth" than "She Gave Birth to Erasmus." It is only in the third of its four parts that Mr. CHURCHILL tries to conform Swift with the essay's title; and then he weakens his argument by bracketing, as an example of Swift's desire to serve liberty, "The Conduct of the Allies," which attacked Marlborough's prolongation of the French war, with the "Drapier's Letters," which, in Johnson's words, "rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion." On the whole it is easier to discover what Mr. CHURCHILL is not writing about than what he is. He disclaims the ability to deal with Stella and Vanessa, leaves the pathological aspect of Swift's genius to "those who think the late Dr. Freud the finest literary critic of our time," and is nebulous on Swift as a politician. His comparison between Swift and Joyce, however, is discerning, and suggests what this essay might have been had its writer foregone the pleasures of a rambling and personal style and concentrated his mind on Swift.

H. K.

This England

An anonymous German historian, quoted by Sir WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS to enforce *A Countryman's Creed* (JOSEPH, 10/6), discovered "the nursery of English thought, poetry—nay science itself," in books like "The Compleat Angler" and White's "Selborne." They were, he said, peculiar to England; and their home is the village and its setting, of which, says Sir WILLIAM, "the old towns, rural, small, well-gardened" and having "more traffic with the fields than the streets," were the legitimate outcome. Their way of life produced, he maintains, the happy Englishman: now so threatened that if threatened men live long, he should live, like Edwin Drood, to all eternity. The threat, however, is only latent in most of the nineteen essays that make up this well-meditated and lovable book. It is stressed in the last essay. The first portrays a Cumberland yeoman whose philosophy struck the writer as nearest to that

Wordsworthian intimacy with nature's oracles which coloured the thought of so conspicuous and lettered an Englishman as Lord Grey. Between these types and the interests they represent Sir WILLIAM ranges. It is characteristic of him that he prefers to take his long walks alone. It is equally characteristic of him to bring back his spoils to the fireside and to make a still wider circle their grateful partakers.

H. P. E.

American Theatre

Mr. JOHN MASON BROWN is one of America's most distinguished dramatic critics and is also an essayist whose range and wit easily carry the Atlantic. He is an urbane and courteous reviewer, disconcertingly shrewd but always generous in his approach. Above all he is a very human and humorous writer. *Seeing Things* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6) is a selection from his work over the last few years, and anyone who loves the theatre should read it; some of the plays and players he discusses may only be names to us, but they are names made life-size. By the *Edipus* of Mr. Olivier he was finally convinced that here was an actor positively deserving of that ballyhoo-tattered word "great." He says: "It is one of those performances in which blood and electricity are somehow mixed. It pulls lightning down from the sky." Of Shaw he says: "You must suppose Sidney Webb and Harpo Marx as having been miraculously combined," and "he has been the foremost literary athlete of our time." And of Mr. Coward, whose "Middle East Diary" he reluctantly found insufferable: "The perfect metronome for comedy." Whether he is describing Mr. La Guardia reading his Christmas broadcast "as zealously as if Bethlehem were a new borough," or of the anxious joys of taking his small son to his first *Hamlet*, it is good writing, robust and sensitive. Perhaps the best thing in this book is an address to graduating students in which he begs them to think for themselves and refuse to become members of a button-pushing, money-grubbing herd. All through it, as all through his notices of war-plays, runs the fear that the lessons of the war in terms of common humanity are in danger of being forgotten in the personal excitements of the peace.

E. O. D. K.

The Ethics of Nationality

In *States and Morals* (MURRAY, 9/-) there is a good deal of digging deep to the foundations of political philosophy, with cross references from Socrates and Aristotle to Marx and Lenin. Mr. T. D. WELDON, while accepting the Platonic conception of the existence of "organic" States in which individual human beings are of no greater importance to the body corporate than, say, an aching tooth that may have private objections to more or less painless extraction, refuses to include all nations in any single category and scrutinizes the leading countries of to-day for scientific classification. Discovering differences dividing them arising from no smaller basis than radically opposed conceptions of the nature of Man, he raises the question, horribly appropriate at the moment, as to whether it is possible for such unevenly developed specimens to achieve the equilibrium of a peaceable life together. One may often refuse to accept his argument, doubting especially whether he has not over-estimated the weight of control necessarily exercised by any State-personality on its individual citizens, with the result that he has made it appear unfairly difficult for Germany, for example, to develop democratically; and yet no one will quarrel with his conclusion. He declares, as the result of all his analysis, that we may best hope for peace

if the political ideologists will try to turn a blind eye on major disagreements and concentrate on being decently polite about non-essentials—an excellent suggestion that might well be urgently referred forward in several different directions.

C. C. P.

Brush Up Your Bee-Keeping.

Bees, one feels, are like babies, who look more at home in the domestic circle than on a baby-farm; and if many people took to bee-keeping on a large scale the congestion might very well discourage what is usually one of the best of all side-lines on a small-holding. Luckily there are probably fewer than twenty whole-time bee-keepers in England. Moreover Mr. R. O. B. MANLEY himself, who published the best English book on large-scale commercial bee-keeping earlier this year, has taken pity on his lesser brethren; and in reissuing his *Honey Production in the British Isles* (FABER, 18/-), makes an excellent all-round treatise available for everybody. Under six hives or over twenty is his notion of a sound enterprise; and he warns the under six man not to build high hopes, even if he is lucky enough to get the right bees in the right neighbourhood. What the right bees and the right neighbourhood are—and a choice of right equipment and right systems—his book suggests with admirable clarity. It is easy, indeed lighthearted, reading, for all its professional thoroughness. And it is pleasant to find the bee debunked as a creature of very little brain, after all the adulation it has received from poets who ought to have known better.

H. P. E.

Mountains in Peace and War

The first part of *When Men and Mountains Meet* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 15/-) deals with the author's climbs in the Assam Himalaya, the second part with his experiences on active service in Irak and Persia, in the Libyan Desert, Albania and northern Italy. Mr. H. W. TILMAN does not altogether avoid the great fault of nearly all accounts of action and adventure, a superfluity of detail. But at his frequent best he combines a straightforward narrative style with a subdued humour that successfully avoids the exaggerated understatement which is really a form of boasting. For example—meeting another European in the Assam Himalaya, he discussed elephants with him, "not unnaturally, for the whole foreground as we sat outside the tent was occupied by three vast backsides adorned with ridiculous little tails." Warned that he would probably be raided by elephants that night, he returned to his native bearers, passed the news on to them, so that their night might be as anxious as his, and turned in after selecting the only likely-looking tree in the neighbourhood. In the same spirit he describes the "brief and tepid colloquy" which he and three others had with an uninterested pilot who was to drop them from his plane. This was in northern Italy, where the author conceived a great admiration for the partisans, who, as he puts it, lacked "everything that makes life tolerable for the regular soldier, that sustains his morale in quiet times and in battle gives him a reasonable chance of survival."

H. K.

The Defenders

"We are writing to you to say that our spirit is stronger than ever, that our will is as strong as steel, and that our arms are not tired with striking the enemy." That is part of the oath sent by the defenders of Stalingrad to Stalin during the last weeks of the great defensive battle. The letter is quoted in full by Mr. ALEXANDER WERTH in *The Year of Stalingrad* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-), a book

which, as the publishers say, will provide a good many answers to most people who have difficulty in understanding the Russians to-day, though it does not solve all the enigmas. The author begins by describing his voyage (under convoy) to Murmansk in the May of 1942, and he ends with an account of a tour through Stalingrad after the terrible battle was over. In between he gives extracts from his diary, reports to newspapers and the B.B.C., conversations with individual Russians, and his impressions of the whole Russian people. Since the book was written over a period of two to three years it cannot be reviewed in a paragraph. All one can say is that it is extremely well written, that as a story it is exciting and terrible, and that it is a study as well as a story. Mr. WERTH's account of the journey to Murmansk should provide an answer now to the propagandists there who, while clamouring for a second front, labelled our generals "General What-if-they-lick-us, General Why-take-risks and General You-never-know," but we, too, may learn a great deal of bitternesses that we were saved from understanding.

B. E. B.

Mr. Punch has a particular interest in the latest addition to the "Bridgeheads" series (published by METHUEN, 6/- each). In *The Point of Parliament* Sir ALAN HERBERT describes, as only he can, how the machinery of Parliament works. That he can do this, and be entertaining at the same time, readers of his "Not So Silly. A Child's Guide to Parliament" (the *Punch* series on which his new book is based) will not need to be reminded.



"He only drinks to be sociable."

The King's Pictures

THE exhibition of the King's Pictures at Burlington House, which remains open until March, contains more than five hundred paintings in the Royal Collection, selected from Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. Thus, by the gracious act of the King, the public is allowed to view for the first time part of the private collection at Buckingham Palace, and other works at Windsor not normally available for inspection. This assembly of masterpieces, which can hardly be matched among the great collections in the capitals of Europe, owes its existence to the enlightened patronage of successive sovereigns since Henry VIII, the founder of the collection and patron of Holbein. Principally it is indebted to Charles I for his Holbein acquisitions and enthusiasm for Titian, Rubens and his Court painter Van Dyck; George IV for the collection of Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century (many of them lent from Buckingham Palace) and the noble series of full-length portraits which he commissioned Lawrence to paint for the Waterloo Chamber, and the Prince Consort for his perceptive taste for early Italian, Flemish and German masters and encouragement of contemporary portraiture. Many unexhibited contemporary paintings have of course been added to the Royal Collection during the past century; and some interesting early works acquired by Queen Mary, including the splendid Mytens of Charles I (from Windsor) bear witness to her discriminating taste.

Two princely acquisitions of Charles I, the Raphael Cartoons and the Mantegna "Triumphs," are unavoidably absent from the exhibition, but far more regrettable is the loss to the Royal Collection of a great number of Charles's



Canaletto

LIBRARY AND SALUTE
(from Windsor Castle)

line of Winter exhibitions at Burlington House.

It is appropriate that the first two rooms should contain the portraits acquired by the earliest Royal patrons, the Holbeins and Van Dycks from Hampton Court and Windsor, and beneficial also, for one's eyes are fresh to contemplate these works of supreme draughtsmanship. Everyone who stands before Holbein's superbly realistic portrait of the merchant Derich or Van Dyck's painting of Killigrew and

Carew must admire the magistral assurance with which every detail is depicted, and marvel at the perfect modelling of the hands.

Smile, if you will, in these early rooms at such an ingenious piece of Court flattery as Eworth's representation of the Virgin Queen complacently awarding Paris's prize to herself and confounding the attendant goddesses, but do not, I beg you, presume to deride the homage to Victorian majesty and sentiment in the neighbouring South Rooms. Unsympathetic though we may be to the florid style of Winterhalter's practised flatteries, they are courageous essays in the grand manner none the less; and among other notable Victorian works here, perhaps the most enchanting is Landseer's Windsor interior (where the picture belongs) showing the Queen and the Prince Consort amid furniture generously strewn with dogs and dead game, painted with a miraculous fidelity which—like Frith's "Ramsgate Sands" elsewhere—disarms criticism.

In the South Rooms also we find Gainsborough's series of ovals of George III and his family (the most captivating is of the youthful Augustus Frederick) and Reynolds's celebrated self-portrait, and we meet these painters again in the great Third Gallery amid the pomp and circumstance of Van Dyck, Lely and Kneller.

Of the Lawrences from the Waterloo Chamber grouped in the Central Hall, the full-length portraits of the Archduke Charles and the King of Prussia in dark uniform with gleaming epaulettes, both posed against a wide expanse of sky, tower above their neighbours by virtue of their superb painting and flawless compositions.

So we come to the range of further rooms (galleries IV to VIII) beginning with the primitives, passing to the Renaissance and Baroque Italians—do not overlook the Bassanos, particularly the fine portrait of a man handling a statuette—thence to Rubens, whose lyrical "Summer" landscape presents another facet of his genius, and the Van Dycks, before arriving at the two rooms devoted to the Dutch school.

Here one's eyes, wearied by the claims of so many masterpieces, are refreshed again by the repose of Vermeer's mellow "Lady at the Virginals" and De Hooch's "Card Players"—both gems from Buckingham Palace—the sombre beauty of Rembrandt's self-portrait, the magical colour and pattern of Jan Steen's "Tavern Interior with a Fiddler," and the surpassing loveliness of Le Nain's seated group of "Young Gamblers"—a Crown jewel which dominates all else in the Architectural Room.

Among the English subject-pictures there are a number of bracing canvases by Stubbs and Ben Marshall, which will warm the hearts of many people besides the Academy's President and leave at least one unforgettable memory—of Stubbs's State Coachman, a wondrous beetle with a florid countenance and a merry twinkle in his eye.

Finally, in Gallery XI, one comes upon a great part of the collection of Canalettos, from Windsor, acquired by George III from Joseph Smith, his Consul in Venice.

These are from all periods of the artist's career and the changes of style are remarkable. The six big views of St. Mark's, the Piazza and the Piazzetta display an unsuspected breadth of treatment, but his formal precision is seen in the London views which, fascinating though they are, require Guardi's animation to bring the scenes to life.

A word of praise is due to the Hanging Committee and the compilers of the admirable catalogue, a work of wit and scholarship.

N. A. D. W.

A Bow Ad-venture

THE time has come for tails—not the sort that Shakespeare was always hanging thereby, but evening-dress tails. When George invited me to a dinner at which he was to fête his boss with ulterior motives, I readily accepted. Tails would be worn; the boss was wearing one and George desired uniformity and *bon ton* and, as far as I was concerned, he should have it. *If there is a painful-pleasant, anxious-happy and bitter-sweet delight I love and dread it is tying my dress-tie.

So far everything had gone smoothly. My right to take the first bath had gone uncontested—a rare concession on my wife's part. My razor had behaved itself, negotiating that obtuse angle by the chin without any cutting remarks, and now I faced myself in mirror, clad in white shirt and black trousers, impeccable as to length and crease. In the drawer nestled three white bows. With these few I had to be content, for laundering and finances prevented me from rivalling Beau Brummel, whose valet used to carry away a basket of cravats, murmuring haughtily "These are our failures." I could afford only two failures.

My choice lay with a double-ender, stiff yet pliable, with those tiny little lozenges on the material that look like fairy quilting. So smooth, so virginal it rested in my fingers that it seemed a brutality to bend and mould such a wafer of whiteness, but practice has taught me that such pity is wasted. Your tie or bow must be treated firmly, almost harshly, and in turn will nestle and bind fast in its knot.

First the bow was slipped through the loop at the back of the shirt, the little fellow that stops the tie sliding up the smooth collar. Lengthening the right end I tentatively crossed it over the smaller part. No; three millimetres more and try again. So! Binding the shank round just behind the bulge of the bow where it opens into that egg-timer sort of shape I pulled and looped. Now follows the trickiest bit, the absolute make-or-mar of a perfect performance. Appreciate the position. I now had to ease the wide bow end through a narrow loop, a loop I dare not widen lest the whole fabric fall in ruins about my neck.

My practice is to roll that broad blade at the end (such care that the starch does not crack like folded cardboard) and push it through the hole. Like one of those Chinese craftsmen who carve a sphere within a sphere

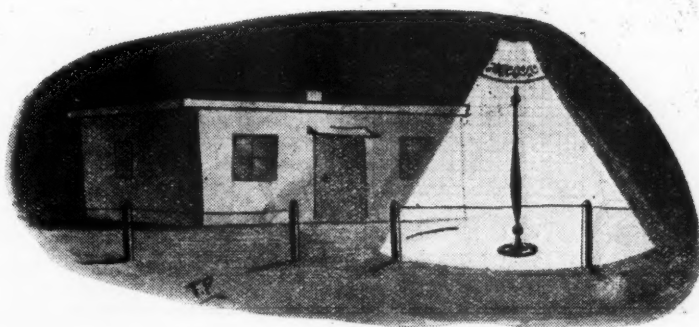
within a sphere of ivory I soothed the material through with deliberate speed, majestic instance. Once through and the pulse of the operation quickened again. I had only to tighten and tidy up, what Fred Astaire calls "mussing up my white tie," and the job was done. Now at this stage I always close my eyes and work entirely by touch, for the sight of the bow in this state fills me with despair. Just as one might look at the crumpled creature emerging from a cracked-open chrysalis and doubt it can ever dry out into a bejewelled dragon-fly, so do I view my bow and shudder. By now the ends rest at right-angles instead of being lined up, and the whole disordered tangle seems bereft of shape, design or purpose. It is completely amorphous, but the touch of skilful fingers are the potter's hand to the clay. A tug here, a twist there, with thumb and fingertips smoothing out wrinkles, laying one wing above another, and the metamorphosis passes belief. So should it have been now, but when I opened my eyes a groan racked my frame—the grunt of a man who sees his world collapse and knows he must start to rebuild it. Snow-white, unsullied but unbalanced, the tie encompassed the collar. One wing thrust out farther than the other.

I began again, but this time the loop proved stubborn and the passage through wrecked the starched bark. A crack appeared in the crisp coat and spelt failure No. 1. While No. 2 was being put through its paces my wife chose to ask me to light the gas fire. Seizing my lighter I obeyed, but when I returned to my task a horror threatened my reason from the mirror.

One white wing was smudged from smoke on my finger from the newly-filled lighter. Nothing remained but to bet my all on that third—after scrubbing my hands.

From the outset that bow-tie admitted my mastery. It was a river of snow in my hands, flowing through tortuous ways, sweeping back on itself, looping and tunnelling to emerge in a broad sweep like Smetana's "Vltava." A masterpiece; better even than those lifeless horrors called ready-made bows. The wings of my collar thrust out like frozen bow-waves from a speed-boat and in the angle coyly joggled my Adam's apple. And seeming to rest on this fruit, with double wings outspread, with milky sails a dream of symmetry and poise was my bow. Even after these lean years the old skill was manifest. Now to slide into that frame for it all, the tail coat. As I removed it from the hanger the telephone bell rang and I heard my wife answering it while the silk lining slipped luxuriously over my back. In the mirror the severity of the gleaming revers threw my butterfly into brilliant relief like a rip in a black-out curtain. All was well until my wife's voice called out; "George's boss has found the moths have been at his tails and he's coming in a dinner-jacket and will you do the same, George says. It won't take you long to change. Hurry up; we're late!"

Slowly I opened the drawer and stared at the funereal black of the D.J. bows. Slowly I looked in the mirror and more slowly still my hand crept up to one white wing and tugged. As Wordsworth said, there are thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.



"Dear Uncle Charlie, your wedding present really is MOST useful..."

Eeeeeee—YUH!

IT is not unusual for a visitor, on seeing my front garden hedge for the first time, to observe feelingly that it has the chaste perfection of a Greek temple of the very best period. Not that I boast about my hedge. Beyond, perhaps, a casual wave of my hand, I don't even draw attention to it. Its clean faultless lines cannot but stand out very sharply against the rough-hewn undergrowth and spiral flim-flam in my neighbours' gardens.

Trimming such a hedge demands a keen eye and the closest concentration. You will understand, therefore, my annoyance the other day on going out to pare away a few leaflets. A patrol of small boys, armed with lumps of wood, marched across and paraded around me in shocking formation.

"Are you a soldier, chum?" demanded their leader. "Chum" is a familiarity I extend only to one or two senior Board of Trade officials and, on occasion, my bank manager, but I was anxious not to be drawn into an argument.

"No, chum, not now," I replied, poisoning my shears.

"Were you once?"

"Years and years ago—long before your time. Now go away, like good troops."

"Play soldiers with us then," cried their leader, with an ugly thrust at my knees.

"You go on a nice long route march and I'll consider it," I suggested smoothly.

"We've done a route march."

"Then do another one," I shouted.

"As far as that lamp-post and back?"

He raised his sword and dealt a savage head-cut at my hedge, and as this looked like developing into a general attack I quickly came to

terms. The price of a really long march, at least four lamp-posts, came out at about twopence per lamp-post.

I settled down to my hedge in peace. I blamed my neighbours for this display of militarism. Many of them, newly demobbed types mostly, were also trimming hedges. Now I feel strongly that a pair of baggy old khaki trousers, or old Army boots, or a beret, is not the thing for front-garden work. I wore a smart sports coat and my very sharp-pointed brown shoes. I find these invaluable for keeping a straight course when mowing the lawn.

But I had another grievance. I yield to no one in my admiration for all branches of H.M. Forces, but I feel that the preponderance of old R.A.F. trousers and black berets gives a false picture of the national effort. The Navy, for instance, was not represented; nor, for that matter, was my old crowd. I had for some time considered demonstrating about this. My thoughts were interrupted by the return of the boys.

"We're going to ambush you," their leader whispered.

I had nearly finished my hedge, and pretended not to see the boys stalking me from various directions. The neighbours stopped work to watch developments.

"Let's make a funny noise," cried one of the boys.

Grateful for the warning, I braced myself and waited. The suspense became almost unbearable. I made a tentative snip with my shears, and then their leader, right behind me, made the funny noise. It was a new one.

"Eeeeeee—YUH!"

The devastating thing about this particular funny noise, at a first

hearing, is that the "eeee" part of it is so hideous and prolonged that you reach the utmost limit of endurance by the time it dies away. You unclench your teeth and sag, and the "YUH" instantly catches you unprepared in the small of the back with shattering force.

I opened my eyes and gazed down in horror. The "YUH" had penetrated right through to a reflex nerve, and I had involuntarily closed my shears and hacked a ruinous gash in my hedge. It will take months to grow out.

I was not dismayed; I had made my protest. I ignored the smiles of my neighbours in their confounded berets. With a stiff upper lip, head up, chin in and arms swinging, I marched smartly indoors and took off my old bearskin.

November

ISA W an old washerwoman With red hands and flaming hair, Her skirt was blowing in the wind, Her feet were bare. She had a basket full of coloured rags Which she was hanging everywhere.

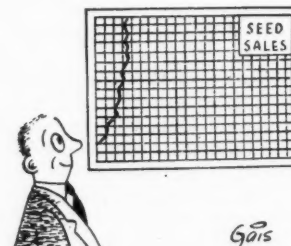
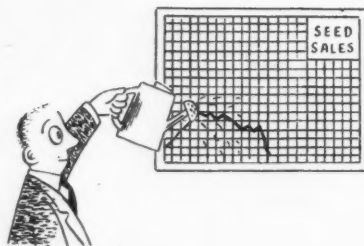
She dropped some in the tangled hedge, She threw some over the trees. Here, she left a yellow stocking, There, a red chemise. From twig and thorn her brilliant handkerchiefs

Fluttered and dangled in the breeze.

The world became her drying-ground And every gale that hustled by Blew down some garment off the line. I saw them lie

In heaps upon the road, whilst she, poor soul,

Was pegging sheets across the empty sky. O. D.



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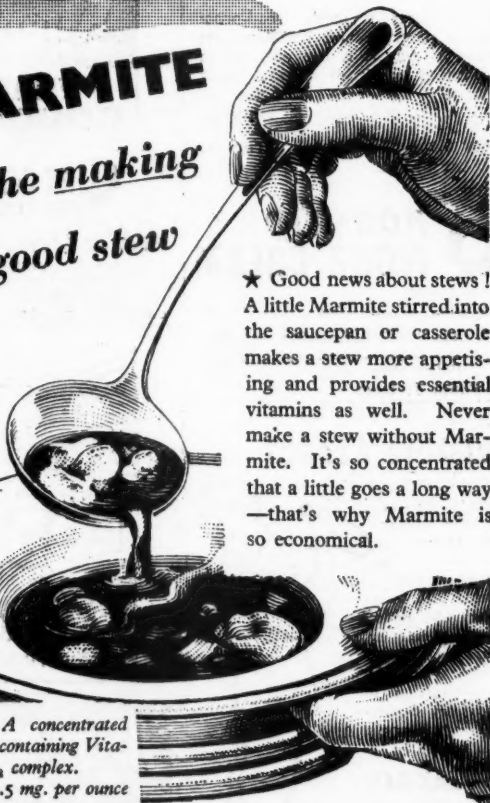
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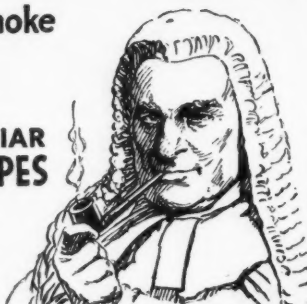
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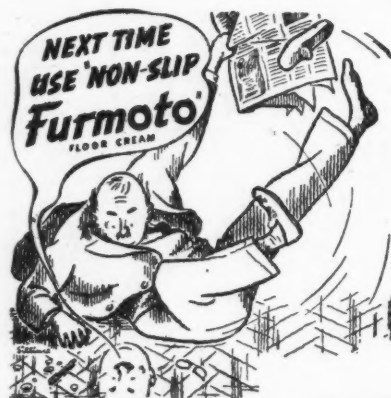
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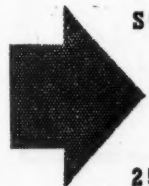


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